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# TERRIBLE PANIC IN A BULL RING

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

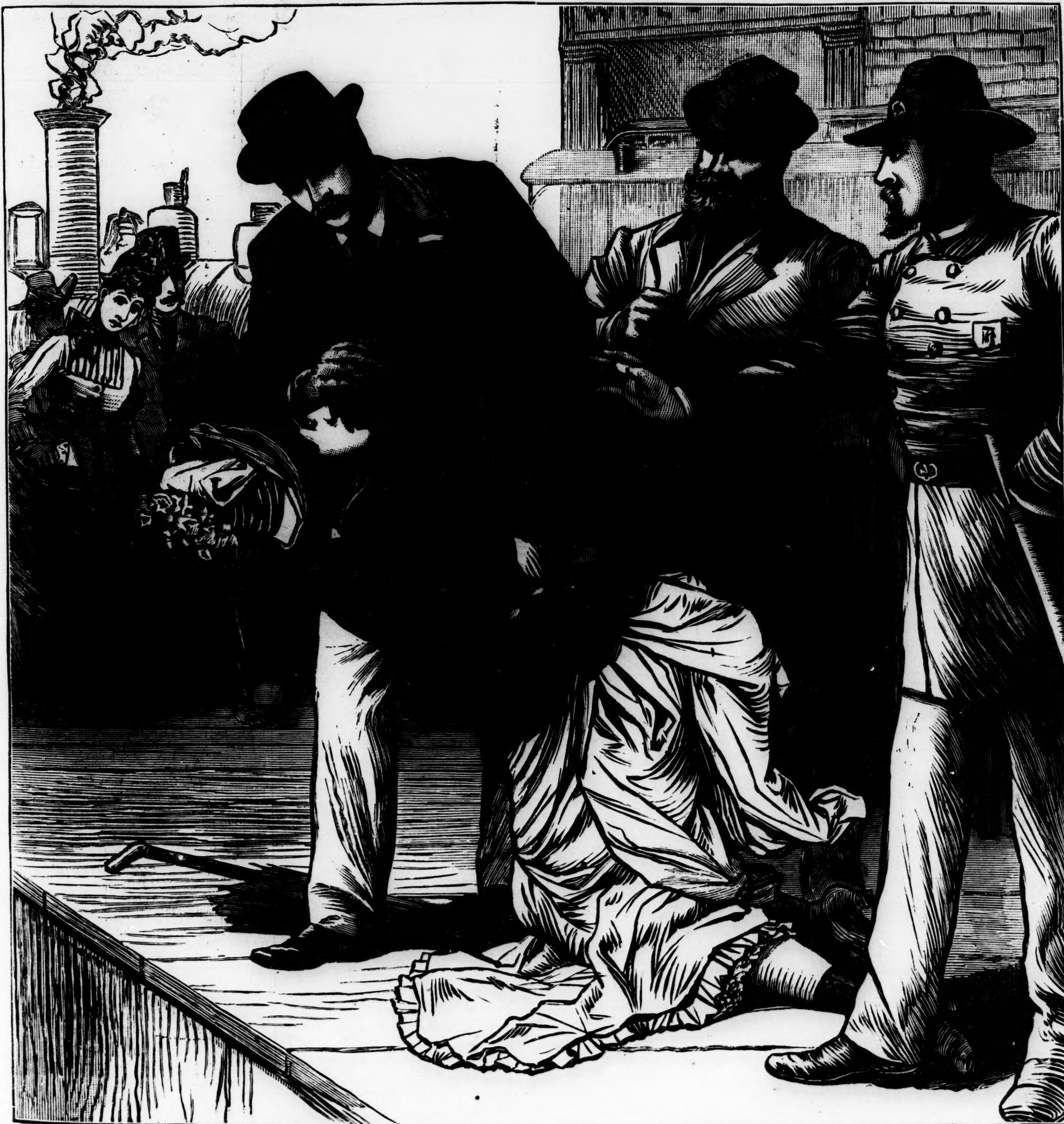
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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE PREFERRED THE GAY YOUNG LOTHARIO.

AN Eloping YOUNG WIFE, CONFRONTED BY HER HUSBAND, MAKES A SENSATION AT BIRMINGHAM, ALA.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888.

## TO OUR READERS.

If there is no news agent in your locality, or from ANY OTHER CAUSE you cannot procure the "Police Gazette," send one dollar to this office, and the paper will be regularly mailed, securely wrapped, for thirteen weeks. Agents wanted wherever there is no newsdealer. Sample copy sent free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

## THE CHAMPION JOCKEY TROPHY.

There was a big turnout at the Star theatre on Sunday evening last to witness the presentation of the "Police Gazette" diamond whip to Jimmy McLaughlin, the acknowledged champion jockey of America, and, therefore, the rightful winner of the elegant souvenir which Richard K. Fox offered for competition among jockeys during 1887-8, in order to determine the championship of America and promote a laudable effort among the jockeys of this country to excel in skillful horsemanship on the racing turf.

The presentation was made on behalf of Mr. Fox by Counsellor Abe Hummel, who did it with all the grace and eloquence which have made him famous in the legal profession, while Tony Pastor, the great impresario of the amusement world, acted as master of ceremonies.

In donating this most unique and valuable souvenir to the jockey who has distinguished himself by winning the most mounts during the season of 1887-8, the proprietor of this paper has the supreme satisfaction of believing that the money he has spent in this direction has brought about the result he devoutly hoped it would, by giving a healthy encouragement to a class of sporting geniuses, who shall ever receive his warmest support.

The handsome features of Champion Jockey McLaughlin, together with a cut of the magnificent prize which he is now the enviable possessor of, may be seen on another page.

## A LITERARY CHAMPION OF PUGILISM.

Duffield Osborne, a writer for the *North American Review*, recently took up his pen in defense of pugilism, and the result is the recent publication in the *Review* of one of the most masterly arguments in favor of the manly art that has yet appeared in the current periodical or newspaper literature of the day.

Mr. Osborne cites history to show that pugilism is by no means an invention of modern times, but was in vogue two thousand years ago in Greece, when, he says, boxing and wrestling matches were conducted very "closely akin to such fighting of modern times as is carried on under what are known as the London rules." No blow was dealt by the giant Grecians with naked hand, but "the ponderous cestus of leather and metal gave a deadly import to the contest."

Mr. Osborne contends that the encouragement of pugilism puts a premium on cowardice, for a man able to defend himself in a manly way by the weapons God gave him—his fists—is less apt to be afraid to punish another to revenge an injury without resorting to the pistol or knife.

## THE QUESTION SETTLED.

The "Sporting Life," and "Bell's Life," of London, decide the question of the prize ring championship of the world as follows: "Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, while he holds the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, representing the heavy-weight championship of America and England, must be considered the champion of the world; and he is ready to defend it against all challengers."

## MASKS AND FACES

## Some Queens of Variety--Midnight Suppers.

## WHAT'S THE MATHER WITH HILL?

## Jansen and Martinot--Ballet Belles.

## THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT

"Oh, I'm a member of the Rollicking Bams! Yes, I'm a member of the Rollicking Bams! I'm out all night Till broad daylight, And I won't go home till morning!"



Those were the couples Marie Wilton used to sing twenty years ago.

Any one of the clever variety girls of our day, May or Flora Irwin, Katie Rooney or Maggie Cline, Polly Cusick or Kitty Allyne, Beatrix Hamilton or Rose Sydell, Ada Stockholm or Georgie Powers, Lillie Hall or Myrtle Piequette might echo these lines.

The variety business naturally brings early hours with it. After the show is over, and the rouge and the black are washed off, the beer and the sandwiches, the whiskey and the gin and seltzer come in mighty welcome. Then the latest joke is cracked, the latest yarn is told. Then the cards are brought out, and, amid cigarette and cigar smoke, the game proceeds merrily.

"There is often a good lot more wit floating around after a play," said Marietta Nash to me not long ago, "than there is during a play."

The jolly soufflé is right.

I have been present at some of those after-the-play suppers, and can vouch for the truth of the statement.

"Never be critical upon the ladies," remarked Billy Florence at the club one night. "The only way in the



world a born gentleman will ever attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes!"

"The funniest thing about debts is this," said Adele Waters, the pretty and accomplished leading lady of Arthur Behan's company, at supper. "Their expanding power continues to increase as you contract them."

I caught this bit of conversation between two chorus girls as they came out of the stage door at Niblo's night before last:

"I tell you I'm sick of my husband," remarked Molly. "He's too much beneath me."

"Is that so?" saucily interrupted Kitty. "I'm sick of mine, too, but it's because he's too much above me!"

I went down to Niblo's, by the way, to take a look at "Dolores," a play adapted from the "Patrie" of Victorien Sardou.

The piece, in which Newton Gotthold, Eleanor Carey, and John Malone do capital work, is extremely gloomy.

The ballets, however, are fine. It's hard to see exactly how and why they come into



this play, but when they do come they help to drive dull care away.

There are few pretty girls in the ballets, but there are many clever ones there.

Mlle. Cecilia Nicode and Mlle. Franciscina Paris dance much better than either Imre or Bolosky Kiralfy speaks our language.

Both Paris and Nicode are, in fact, artists of the first rank.

When Helena and Henrietta Konrath and Misses Rosch, Haslam, Allen, Dunbar, Bannister and Young begin to kick up their heels in the Hungarian Dances please to stand aside.

There isn't one of these ladies but could kick your hat from your head before you'd say Jack Robinson.

There is a row between Hill and Mather. Mather

wants to break loose from Hill. They say Habercorn, the husband of Mather, is the cause of the rumpus.

I, for my part, really don't care whether Hill now hates Mather, or Habercorn hates Hill, or Mather loves Habercorn, or Mather hates Hill.

That's all a theatrical family squabble with which the critics and the public have naught to do.

I am obliged to Hill for having brought Mather out, all the same, and I think Mather should be obliged also.

As it is, I was charmed by the impersonation of *Julian* which Margaret gave us in that bright play "The Honeymoon," produced at the Standard last week.

The little woman, in her bridal robe and in her peasant dress, looked what the girls call perfectly lovely.

A fellow doesn't care whether a girl like Mather has an accent, has mannerisms.

He only knows she has blood in her veins, and touches him in the right spot.

I think that Frederick Paulding should have been cast for the *Duke*, and Milner Levick for *Captain Roland*.

Paulding doesn't begin to compare with Levick as an actor, of course, but he possesses something which the ladies, for instance, would like to keep for ever.

I mean the appearance of youth.

Sadie Martinot, just returned from abroad, has been "stuffing" the reporters of the daily press in the most approved fashion. I did

this, said she, in substance. I did that. I have black silk stockings. I have black silk skirts. I have black silk corsages. I have black silk fans. I have jets. I have diamonds. I was in Paris. I was in Vienna. I learned to sing. I learned to dance. I am going to do this. I am going to do that. I am going to astonish New York.

If I remember correctly, Miss Martinot also made the highly original and brilliant remark that she dearly loved America!

"The first time I saw Sadie Martinot," said Marie Jansen to me the other day, "was when I was a school girl in Boston. I was coming home from school when

I saw her on Tremont Row. She was then a chorus girl, I believe.

I remember how simply she was dressed. She had on a little navy blue kilted skirt, a crochet jacket, a little blue hood.

Her cheeks were as rosy as could be that day. She looked very pretty. An

actress! You can imagine with how much interest I, a school girl, looked at her!"

I want to remark right here, as a matter of history, that Martinot's part in the new opera at the Casino was originally offered to Marie Jansen and declined by her.

"I like to take my ease in the summer months," said this clever and charming artist. "I won't give up my summer home in Winthrop for any number of *Nadiya*."

I looked over the words of "The Dead Actress," the new song just published by Edmund Mortimer.

Some of the lines are strong.

"Flowers strew we round thee in sadness.

We kiss thy pale cheek.

Of thy goodness and sweetness and gladness,

Through tears do we speak.

We oft thought, when thou stoodst before us,

Thalas was nigh,

When thy fierce passion swept o'er us,

Melpomene nigh,

And still to our charmed souls is clinging,

Wild music such as that sent ringing

When the storm its black fingers is flinging

'Gainst the keys of the sky."

Rose Coghlan has been airing her views on the stage to an interviewer. "I must confess," said Miss Coghlan, "to being old-fashioned enough to believe thoroughly in the necessity of several years' hard work in a round of standard parts to fit an actor or actress for the apparently more trivial work of to-day. Speaking for myself, and I hope you will forgive the necessary egotism. I know I never could have been so successful as Stephanie or Joan had I not labored hard with Barry Sullivan through the Shakespearean drama and such plays as 'The Gamester.' I fail to see how a woman can come to the stage at a comparatively mature age and begin at once to play leading parts. Of course I know that nowadays the condition of things has changed, and it is difficult for the younger aspirants to learn their business, even if they should so desire. A beginner is usually given some small part in a play which is taken round the country, and every night for forty weeks or more he or she has the same few lines to repeat, the same gestures to make, until life becomes a weariness from sheer monotony. At the same time you should not forget that there are many companies even now which play what we technically call a repertory, that is to say, a half dozen or so of standard plays. If I were advising a beginner I should say, at the risk of making less money, join one of these companies one season, another next, and so on for a few years, at the end of which time you will have attained something approaching the experience we used to gain in the old stock company days."

Barnay and Possart have been drawing immense houses at the Thalia.

Amberg, with Marie Engel by his side in the box, must be delighted with the looks of things.

Barnay, I hear, used to be a bricklayer in the days of his early youth.

Wachtel, the singer, was, as you know, driver of a coach.

Sellier, the big tenor of Paris, began life quite as humbly. He was a waiter in a wine shop, and, instead of "floods of melody,"

poured out adulterated drinks to blue-bloused workmen. One day, while singing at his work, cleaning bottles,

he was overheard by a rich and famous woman

of the half world,

whose carriage happened to stand in front of the door.

She beckoned to him and he came to her. She saw he wasn't half bad looking, and she took him home with her. There she had him taught by the best masters.

We all know the result. The fame of Sellier is world wide.

There was, I hear, quite a sensation at one of the smaller Bowery theatres the other night. The performers on the little stage at that theatre are, it seems,

in the habit of bandying words with the pit and gallery, and the audience generally answers back. On the evening in question one of the beauties on the stage, in the midst of the performance, turned brusquely toward a cheap swell in one of the front rows.

"Oh, you bilk!" yelled the fair one, "you'd better lend me the fiver you owe me, stead o' sittin' there laughin'!"

"Come off!" retorted the swell. "I don't owe you no fiver. What's the matter with ye?"

"Let her have the money!" yelled the boys. "Let her have the money!"

Just then a blue coat came in, and a little later the cheap swell went out.

"I was acquainted with Locke, better known as Peter V. Nasby, before he became a temperance fanatic," remarked Charley Schroeder to me the other afternoon. "I met him in a hotel room in Providence, R. I., I remember. He was arranging 'Widow Bedot' for Burgess. As he wrote at the play and chatted with me he kept touching the bell, ringing for drinks all the while. I have heard of men doing two things at a time, but I never met a man who, like the Locke of those days, could talk, write and drink in almost one fell swoop."

Two girls, rejoicing in the poetic names of Jeanette and Elizabeth Waas, swore in open court last week that Mme. Augusta Sohlike, the once famous danseuse, hit one of them on the nose.

It appears that the girls took dancing lessons of the former star of the ballet, got into tights, and began rehearsing at Dockstader's theater. A few days later, we are told, they were dismissed, and called on Mme. Sohlike to explain, as she had guaranteed them, they said, \$8.00 a week for four weeks.

"She wouldn't let us in, and we got the housekeeper to help us," said Jeanette Waas. "Then she suddenly opened the door and drove me and my sister up against the wall. The housekeeper tried to pull her off, but couldn't do it before Sohlike hit my sister over the nose and made it bleed. We lost our work and paid \$10 for



our tights, and got assaulted in the bargain, and that's why we had the dancer in court."

Alexander Salvini made the hit of "Partners," the new play at the Madison Square.

We are told that Corinne, at Dockstader's, is doing well as *Monte Cristo*, Jr., the latest triumph of Nellie Farren.

I'll go up and see next week. Herrmann had great success at the Star.

I heard this yarn the other morning. That clever actress, Mary Shaw, at one time had a maid who, after years of service, left her.

One day the actress met the servant on the street.

"Maggie, I hear you were married after you left my employ."

"No, mom," weekly answered the girl. "I was after being what they call 'ruined'!" ROSEN.

## SHE PREFERRED THE GAY YOUNG LOTHARIO.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A very sensational affair occurred at Birmingham, Ala., recently. It appears that about a month ago, a gentleman living in Gainesville, Tex., equipped his wife with money and other necessaries to make a long deferred visit to relatives in the North. Subsequently the gentleman learned that his wife, instead of going to pay a visit to her relatives, had joined fortunes with a gay and festive young man of the name of Johnson. The elopers were traced to Birmingham, Ala. The

## BASEBALL GOSSIP.

## The Boys Who Have Won Distinction on the Diamond Field.



John B. Day.

Mr. John B. Day, whose portrait heads this column, is the President of the New York Baseball club. He hails from Connecticut, but has made this city his home since 1876. He is a great admirer of baseball, and in fact, in 1877, '78 and '79, he pitched for the Orange club, of New Jersey. He started baseball in this city in the fall of 1880, when he placed the Metropolitan club in the field. It proved such a paying investment that he started the New Yorks in 1883. He is one of the few men who have amassed a large fortune from baseball enterprises.

Dundon, of the Syracuse Stars, is one of the most indulgent husbands in the world. His wife can do just as she pleases and he never says a word.

It is rumored in Philadelphia that Ferguson has con-

sumption. Judging from the style in which he cleans a table there must be some foundation for the rumor.

Anderson is perfectly willing to sign with the Philadelphia club, but the management seem to be acting a little hog- gish. He is satisfied to take either the receipts of the gate or the receipts of the grand stand.

The directors, however, want both, and Andrews is not going to be chump enough to play for nothing.

There is a wonderful difference between having plenty of money in your pocket and very little. It has been very clearly demonstrated in the case of Radbourne, who swore last fall, when he was rolling in wealth, that he would never pitch or play another game with the Boston club. He was pretty well strapped, however, after a hard winter of blizzards, and was one of the very first men to land in Boston this spring in response to the call of the directors. It is an easy thing to make a bluff, but how awfully foolish a fellow does feel when he is called down and has to show his hand.

If there were only a few more model men in the League like Hoy of the Washingtons, how charming it would be? No matter how the game goes, or what occurs to provoke him, he never says a word, and what is still more in his favor, he never has been known to speak an unkind word to the umpire no matter how much inclined that way.

Treasurer Billings, of the Boston club, was red-headed when he landed in Philadelphia to bag Andrews, whose release he had purchased. He was just a trifle too late, as Andrews had affixed his signature to a Philadelphia contract. The "Phillies" returned the money and kept their treasure.

Manager Kelly, of the Louisvilles, seems a trifle inconsistent. He put Ramsey in the Hot Springs, and as soon as the bad began to boil out of him, Kelly got excited and the directors became so much alarmed that they talked about selling or trading him to some one interested in a distillery. There is only a difference of \$1,000 between what Chamberlain wants and what the management of the Louisville club is willing to give him. The chances are that Mr. Chamberlain will hold his hand somewhere all summer if he does not come down in his figures. It does not always pay to let your head swell too large.

They say Tim Keefe has developed into a wonderful base runner, but "they" suddenly disappeared after saying it.

It is a mistake. Bas- tian is not lazy, but was only born tired. He does not see the sense of running four miles each day, when it would be much more pleasant to ride. Besides he does not need such violent exercise for an appetizer, as he can sit down in a chair all day and dis- count the whole Philadelphia club when it comes to eating.

It is thought that in a very few years Jim White will be old enough to vote.

Nimick, who one year ago gave Spalding a cool \$4,000 for McCormick's release, thought he owned "Mac" body and soul. He is now finding out that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. He thought he could put the screws upon his big, fat, good-natured pitcher, with the horrors of starvation and being crowded out of the arena staring him in the face, but he made a mistake in his man. McCormick is not a spendthrift, like the average ball player, but a thoroughbred sport, and is the proprietor of the finest and most prosperous saloon in Paterson, N. J.

Watkins was afraid to take any chances of accident and absolutely refused to play any spring games with

the St. Louis Browns if the games were advertised as championship contests. This looks as if he did not have much faith in his world beaters, even though the Browns were weakened by the loss of such excellent players as Foutz, Carnthers, Bushong and Welch.

Fogarty is another one of those gentlemen who are suffering from a swelled head.

Boston's short stop thought it very "wise" in the management to increase his salary \$500.

Kansas City, like all new ball towns, is carding itself that its ball team is a winner. Experience, however, will take the nonsense out of its head.

Even Grasshopper Jim Whitney, who has been playing ball since Noah came out of the ark, is holding off for an increase of salary.

There will be a monkey and parrot time this season in New York city between the big "Giants" and the little "Giants." The young 'uns have an idea they can get away with the old fellows, and if they do there will be blood on the moon.

The young "joints" have been nicknamed George Gore, who took in the Southern trip with them, "Papa," and it makes Gore so mad to be classed as an old man that he gets white around the gills.

George Shaffer has been engaged to deliver orations in Des Moines this season.

Burdock will either have to give up painting or give up ball playing. The Boston people are getting tired of paying out big money to a man who is in other business besides baseball, especially when he attempts to divide his time equally during the summer season. "Burdie" is quite an artist, and when his attention is occupied on a landscape or a portrait he is liable to neglect his baseball duties, or possibly see double when he gets on the ball field after mixing his paint.

It sounds a trifle like the sour grape business when Spalding says: "We had the championship before Clarkson pitched for us, and we can win it again without him."

Roushkolb, of Philadelphia, is red headed because he got the "goose" in Jackson, Mich. Manager Smith, of the Toledo club, of the Tri-State League, got him to go to Jackson to organize the tenth club for that league. Roushkolb is a great hustler, and swept down upon the town like a blizzard. In three weeks' time he raised \$3,000, but to his horror he was politely informed that he wasn't wanted. He kicked like an untamed mule, and they finally gave him \$50, his bare expenses. At present he is suing for \$150, claiming his work to be worth \$50 a week.

It cost an even \$100,000 to run the Detroit club last year, with a great, big string to some of the naughts.

The eyes of the country have been turned toward Farrar ever since he stole that base at Cape May. The fact was telegraphed to Philadelphia and the police now watch him closely when they see him playing ball. A man that is guilty of such a thing once is not to be trusted.

This thing of getting married is all right, but the woods are full of it in Brooklyn.

McGunnigle is evidently young in the business, when he makes the declaration that Brooklyn will win the pennant. He forgets that there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip.

If Tom Esterbrook does his prettiest while in Indianapolis, he will break the rest of the team all up into little pieces and have them all turn green with envy. There is no use in talking. If Tommy just lets himself out he will capture every lady in the grand stand, for he is the daddy of them all at that business. The proprietors of the New York daily papers are only beginning to tumble to the fact that baseball is a great game.

So it is said "Dunlap is to have absolute control of the Pittsburgh nine when on the field, and Phillips, like Watkins, will not be permitted even a seat upon the bench unless he keeps still." This is rich. Why, Phillips could not keep still if you were to plant him six feet under the sod and place a howitzer over his head.

Boston is a nice place, but somehow none of the ball players seem to like it. What is the matter? Is it too much management, or too much abuse from the press?

When the bleaching-board mob in Pittsburgh get back at a visiting player his name is "Dennis" in the Smoky City, for they never let up, no matter how well he may play ball.

Everybody is in prime condition now, but just wait one month and then count the cripples.

Bastian is now balancing himself on the blade of a razor. Childs is covering his position at second base in great shape, and if he does not come down off his high horse pretty soon he will get a chance to remain all season.

There are more left-handed pitchers at present than you can shake a stick at. They were scarce at one time, but they are a drug on the market now.

It did not take Roger Conner and John B. Day long to come to terms. "What do you want?" said Day. "Last year's salary is good enough for me," replied Roger. "All right; it goes," said Day. Both men are of few words and as solid as the rock of Gibraltar.

Pittsburgh is in mourning because Dunlap was not born deaf and dumb. They are struck on his playing, but dread his mouth.

If Boston expects to get Richardson of the New Yorks they will get sadly left, as Danny is a fixture in the metropolis.

Spalding only got \$10,000 for Clarkson, which is giving him away for nothing, but Boston can't see it in that light.

## A JUST ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The "Sporting Life" and "Bell's Life," London, decides the question of the prize ring championship of the world as follows: "Jake Kibrain, the champion of America, while he holds the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, representing the heavy-weight championship of America and England, must be considered the champion of the world; and he is ready to defend it against all challengers."

Bastian is still busily engaged in sowing his oats, and he expects to reap a rich harvest.

The two Kansas City clubs do not speak as they pass by.

Joe Hornung is now posing as a spring chicken. He has parted with his luxuriant mustache and with his hat on has every appearance of a bare-faced brat. All he needs now is a wig to make his outfit complete.

The tasty black stockings selected by the Toledo club management resulted in the boys being dubbed the "Blacklegs."

Latham of the St. Louis Browns says the St. Louis White will be base stealers, because they have "Crooks" in their nine.

The Indianapolis boys, who have been counting on doing something startling in League circles this season, thought they had been struck by a cyclone in their opening game with the Cincinnati, when they were beaten by a score of 7 to 1. This thing of taking it for granted you are going to wipe the ground up with an association club is a bad idea.

To hear Capt. Jay Footz talk, one would imagine the Cleveland club was made up of the very choicest material in the arena. How will take a drop when the championship season opens.

Would it not be a brilliant idea for the International Association to abandon their championship series, now since the baseball writers in their respective cities have already fought the battle and settled the championship problem beyond a question by each writer awarding the pennant to their own club.

Crane, Slattery and Cleveland expect to make Rome howl during the coming season.

Ted Sullivan says: "Fuller of the New Orleans club is the coming short stop of the country. He covers as much ground as any player in that position, is a good striker and a clever base runner. He reminds one of McClellan of the Brooklyns." If he is anything like McClellan he must be a dandy.

Jimmy Williams is very modest. He is not looking for glory, but only for fifth place; but he will be very lucky if he gets seventh.

It is claimed the Southern League umpires roared the life out of the Northern players this spring while in the South.

Pete Browning may be a lunk, but there is one thing certain, he knows about as much, when it comes to holding off for more money, as any man in the baseball business.

Financially, the Cincinnati club caught on in great shape on their Southern trip.

Old Goldsmith is budding forth again as a spring chicken.

Slattery, of the New York colts, is no slouch when it comes to base running.

Kansas City is very fly, but when they get the best of the American Association they will have to fly pretty high.

In order to prevent the gentlemanly baseball enthusiasts from throwing beer glasses at the umpire, there will be no beer sold at the Cincinnati games this season.

Serad ran in hard luck while the Cincinnati's played in the South this spring, as he pitched in every game the club lost. He was in a good place to change his luck, but never tumbled to the fact.

It is now modestly claimed that Ramsey was not drunk at the Hot Springs. No one said he was. It was only announced that he was full, and it did not say of what. Now it looks as if Ramsey's best friends are trying to stab him, as no one who knows Ramsey would ever accuse him of drinking.

Harley Bartlett has undertaken a big contract, as he says that if Marshall Brown does not lead the Toledo club in batting before July 4 he will present every player with a silk hat.

The International Association are going to make it lively for their' umpires this season who are fond of the flowing bowl. They will have no trouble, as any man who officiates will be lucky if he has the price of a beer after he pays his expenses.

It is war to the knife in Kansas City, and there is liable to be a pretty lively time in that section of the country before the season has fairly begun.

His "Spectacles," Will White, is now doing a fine grocery business. He had a long head to quit at the previous time.

The Evening Telegram prints the following, startling paragraph: "Manager Morrill now has a wonderfully strong team, and will offer a big price for the championship." This is the first intimation we have had of anything being crooked in baseball.

So he will offer a big price for the championship? Well, that is interesting information. Who has the championship for sale? If it can be had for a big price what is the matter with some of the other clubs out-bidding Manager Morrill? The Telegram will have to brush up a little in its baseball and keep its horse racing or dog-fighting reporter away from the national game.

It is funny that they should postpone all ball playing on the Nashville grounds simply on account of the park being under water. Have they no boats down there?

Fred Goldsmith is practicing daily, as he expects to play foul flag for the Chicago club this season.

The Browns have been all broken up, but they got there just the same.

King is trying to double up on Von der Ahe, but Chris won't have it. The modest King only asks again as much as he got last year.

## SHE BROUGHT BLOOD.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Considerable excitement was caused in Oswego, N. Y., a few days ago by an assault made by a pretty woman of the town on a young dude of some local prominence. The assault took place in a well-known house of ill-fame kept by a notorious woman named Webb. The victim of the assault had been having some words with the abandoned woman, when she suddenly grabbed a heavy pitcher and struck him with it on the side of the head, cutting a frightful gash in the neck and almost severing the jugular vein.

\* Axel Paulsen, the 10-mile champion skater of the world, was beaten on March 4 near Christiansburg by Haro Hagan. Hagan skated the ten miles in 32 minutes 26 seconds, beating Paulsen 25 seconds. Paulsen lowered his New York record by 4 minutes.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

## Men of All Sorts Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Ras. Lewis.

The above is a portrait of Ras Lewis, a popular and well-known sporting man of Jersey City, N. J. Mr. Lewis is president of the Fat Men's Club of Hudson county, N. J. He tips the scales at 27 pounds. He is a veteran of the late war, and for twenty years served the Erie Railroad Co. as a train dispatcher, but owing to his large increase in avoidupois he became too much for railroading. He is now the genial proprietor of a favorite resort for fat men at 134 Newark avenue, Jersey City, N. J. Mr. Lewis solemnly declares that he has not eaten meat for the past year, and will fight any man of his weight in the world for \$5,000, London rules. As Mr. Lewis is somewhat of a wag in his way, these assertions may be taken for what they are worth.

## George R. Brown.

The portrait of George R. Brown, who murdered his father-in-law near Chambersburg, Va., on March 6, is presented on another page. Brown shot Saunders in the back, killing him almost instantly, and then fled. He is still at large.

## Policeman Foster.

The Superior Court at Alameda, Cal., recently convicted Policeman Foster, of that place, on the charge of an assault with intent to kill on George W. Silver, a well-known resident of Alameda. Foster was sentenced to six years' imprisonment at San Quentin.

## Nadage Doree.

Whose picture appears in our columns this week and who has brought suit against Mrs. Langtry for breach of contract, is a native of New Orleans. Before appearing as an actress she made quite a name for herself as a singer. Miss Doree will be remembered for her work at the Lyceum theatre, New York, last year, and for her able support of Mrs. Langtry this season. Her impersonation of the maid Felicie, in "As in a Looking Glass," was generally considered a most artistic creation.

## Maggie Estars.

On another page we publish a portrait of Maggie Estars, the keeper of a low resort at Fort Worth, Tex., now undergoing a preliminary examination for the murder of A. T. Truett, a prominent business man of that place. Truett had gone to her place of business, quarreled with the woman, knocked her down and kicked her. Regaining her feet she woman hit Truett over the head with a fire shovel just as he was going out of the door, from the effect of which he died.

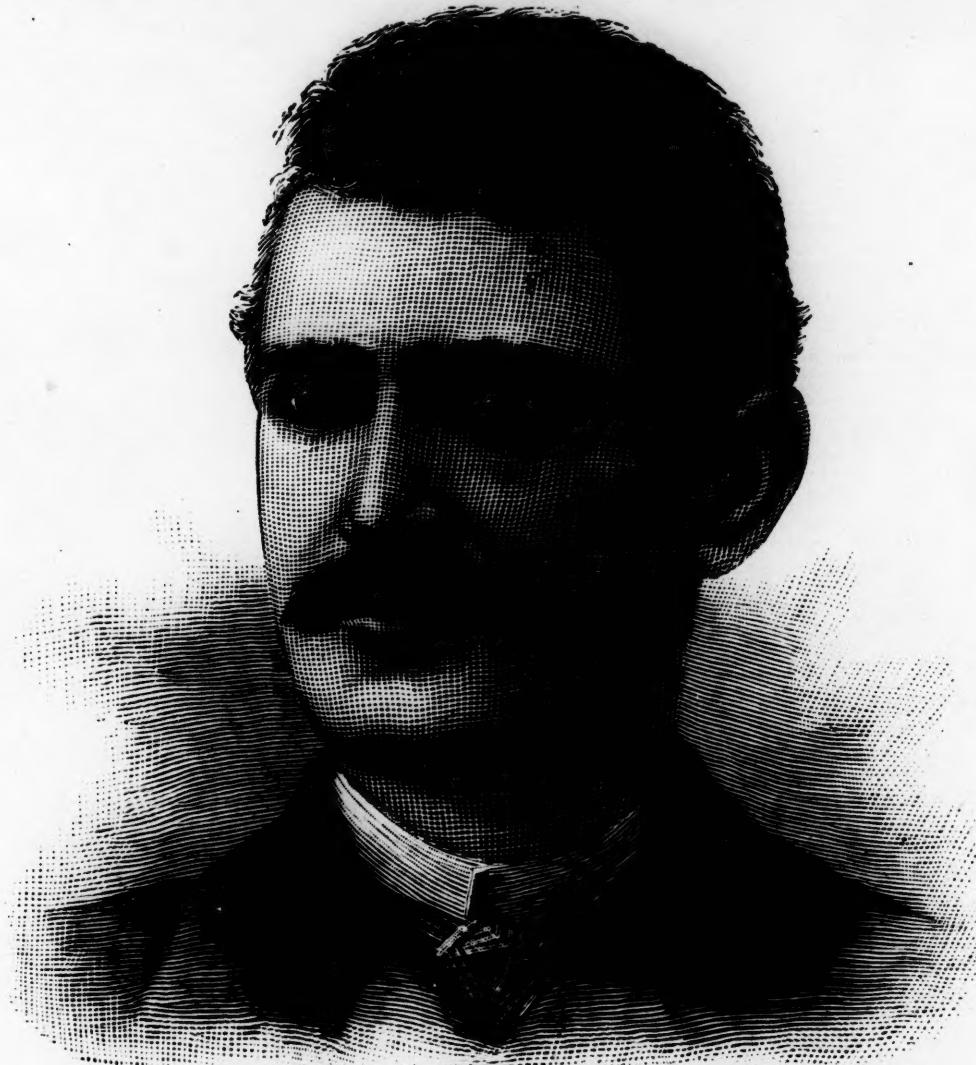
## Bob Slavin.

A native of Baltimore, Md., is one of the brightest and most original of our minstrel boys, brimful of quaint humor, invariably delighting his auditors, yet never for an instant descending to vulgarity. He is one of the very few comedians who never tire an audience, and who, in private life, has hosts of friends who thoroughly appreciate the many exalted qualities of one of the most honorable and estimable gentlemen in the amusement profession. During the coming season Mr. Slavin's irrepressible wit will scintillate with Johnson & Slavin's Refined Minstrels, of which eminent and prosperous organization himself and his popular and talented associate, Carroll Johnson, are sole owners.

## MAGILLA THESPIANS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Magilla Thespians of Buffalo, N. Y., gave a Passover supper on the evening of the 26th inst., at the United States Hotel, that city, on which occasion there were many Hebrews present. A large placard greeted the eyes of the guests as they entered the dining-room, upon which was printed in large black letters, "This table reserved for Israelites." Among those present were the following: Moshe and Isaac Netzler, alias Weston Bros.; Izzie Levy, alias Charles Fishell; Leo Hirshfield, alias Lee M. Hart; Mose Harris, alias George



BOB SLAVIN,  
OF BALTIMORE, MD., A TALENTED BURNT CORK COMEDIAN.



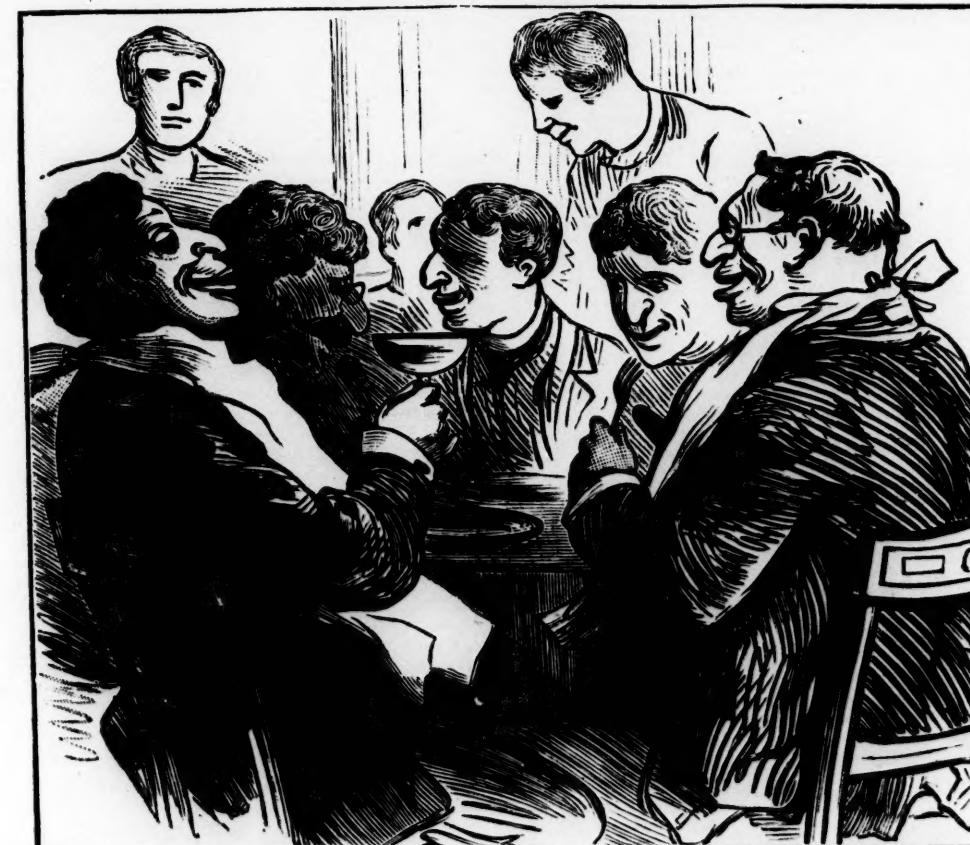
NADAGE DOREE,  
WHO IS MAKING A NAME FOR HERSELF BY HER CLEVER ACTING.



FIENDISH ACTION OF TWO WENCHES.  
THEY ATTEMPT TO MURDER TWO CHILDREN NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA, BY THROWING THEM UNDER A MOVING TRAIN.



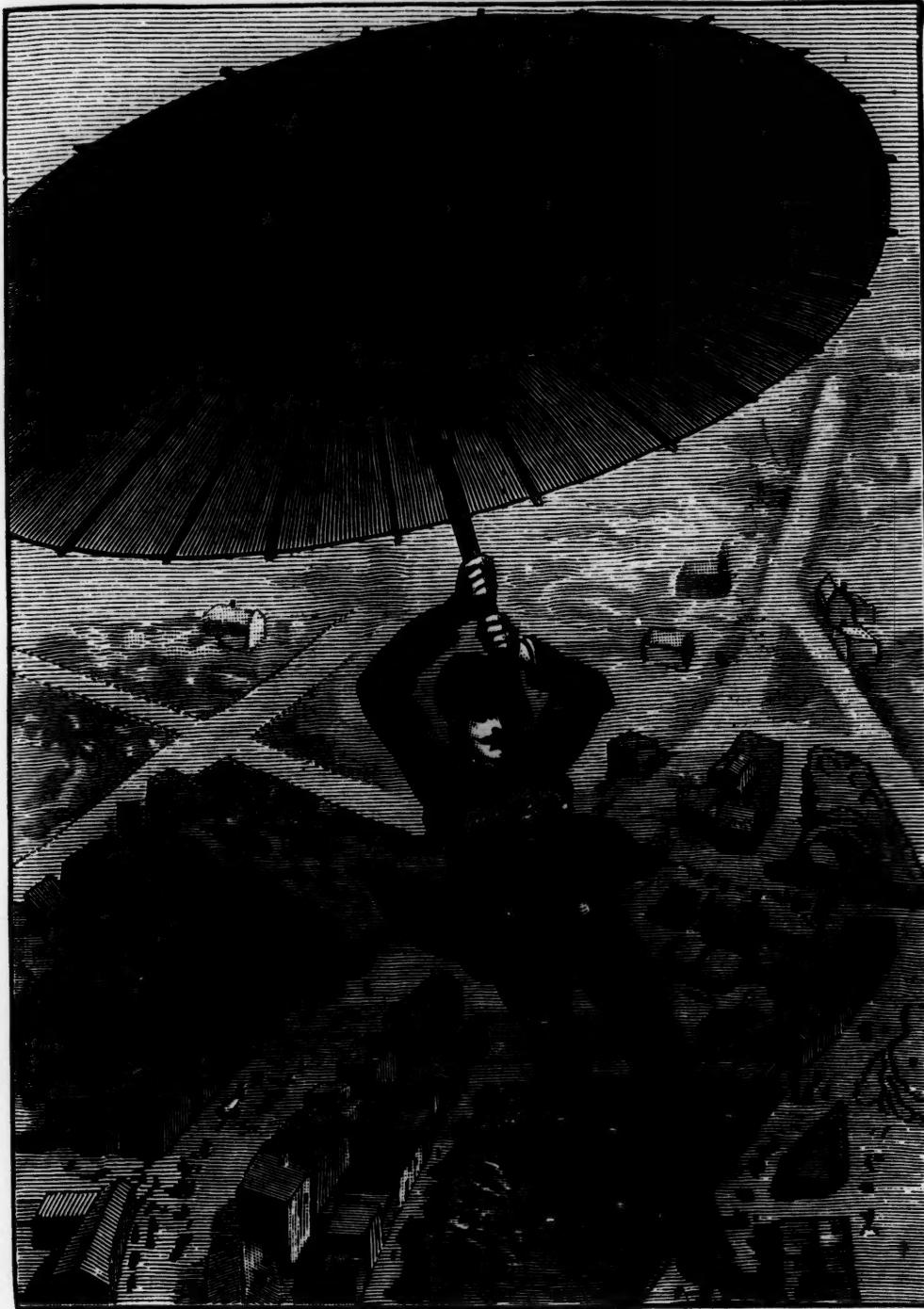
HE TICKLED HER ANKLE.  
A PROMINENT PHILADELPHIA MAN, WHO HAS A PENCHANT FOR PRETTY FEET, GETS INTO TROUBLE.



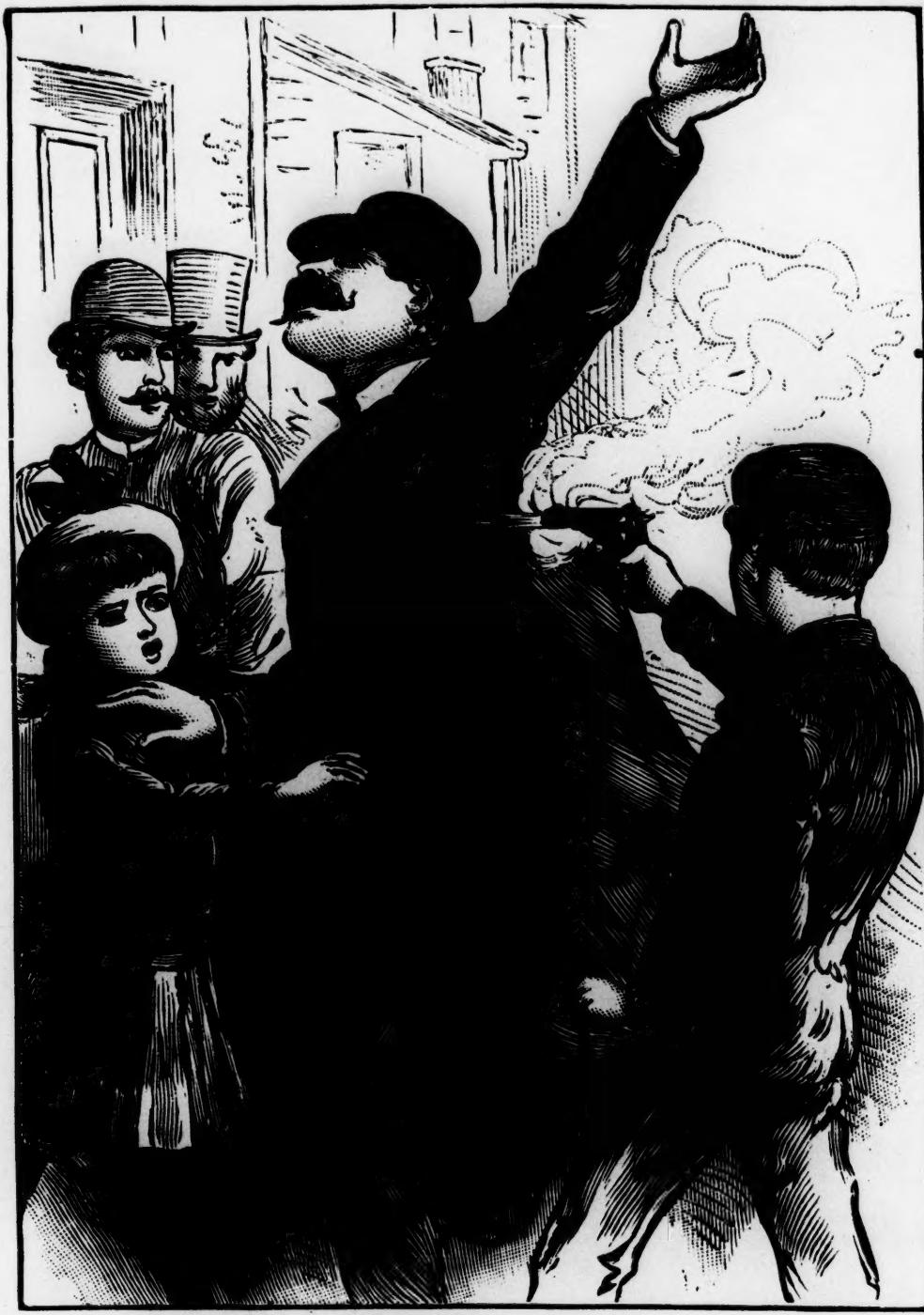
MAGILLA THESPIANS ENJOY THEMSELVES.  
PROMINENT HEBREWS OF BUFFALO, N. Y., PARTICIPATE IN A PASSOVER FEAST AT THE U. S. HOTEL, THAT CITY.



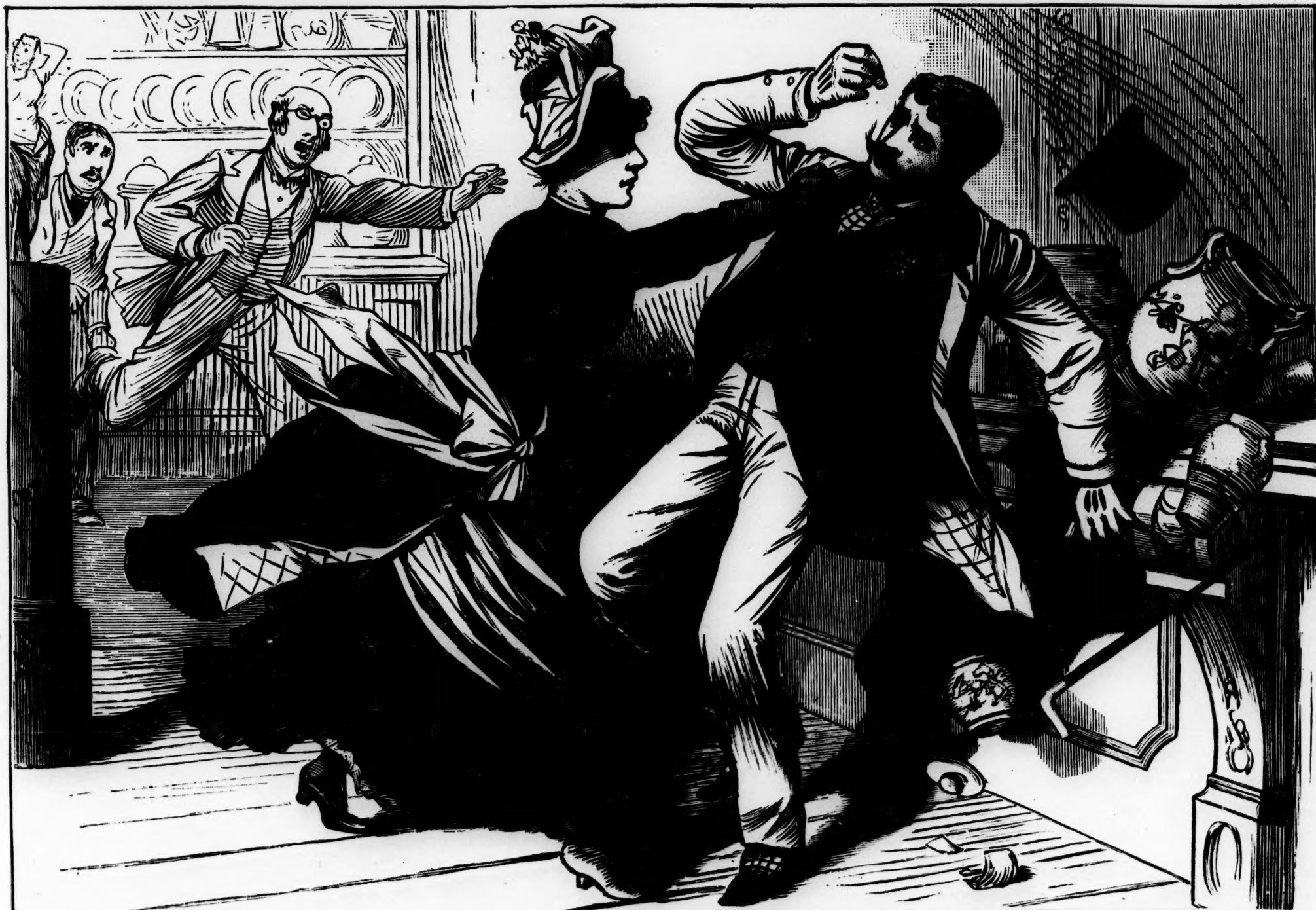
FRIGHTFUL DEATH OF TWO CLERGYMEN.  
THEY ARE STRUCK BY A SCHUYLKILL VALLEY TRAIN AT READING, PENNSYLVANIA, WHILE ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY.



PERILOUS PLUNGE THROUGH MID-AIR.  
AERONAUT HOGAN DROPS FROM A BALLOON AT JACKSON, MICH., WHEN IT IS TWO  
MILES HIGH AND REACHES TERRA FIRMA IN SAFETY.



A YOUTHFUL AVENGER.  
JAMES DIETZ, A GIRARD, ILL., BOY, SHOOTS AND KILLS THE ALLEGED SLAYER OF  
HIS FATHER TO FULFILL A DEATH-BED PROMISE.



SHE PUNCHED THE DUDE KING.  
THE ENCOUNTER BOB HILLIARD, THE ACTOR, IS ALLEGED TO HAVE HAD WITH A PRETTY RED-HEADED ACTRESS.

## ASSASSINATED.

The Slayer of A. E. Morse  
is Murdered in  
Cold Blood.

## STARTLING TRAGEDY.

Shot From Ambush And Without  
Warning While Walking to  
His Office.

### A COWARDLY MURDER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

**T**HE cold-blooded assassination of Willis W. Hazeltine, the well-known young attorney, caused a sensation in Stevens Point, Wis., greater even than that following the killing of A. E. Morse, the bank cashier, by the victim of the present tragedy. The shots that ended the life of Bunker Morse were fired by Hazeltine while the

latter was under a terrible mental strain, suffering from the discovery that Morse, his warmest friend, had been guilty of an offense which, Dan Voorhees declared in his argument for the defense in the trial of Morse's slayer, was so great that man had included in his laws no fitting punishment for it. Hazeltine approached Morse, fairly told him he must die and shot him dead. Hazeltine was shot from ambush as he walked toward his office suspecting no slayer, and the man who fired the fatal shots is the man who stands convicted of assisting in the debauchery of the wife of his victim.

Willis Hazeltine came to Stevens Point eight or ten years ago, having just graduated from the State law school at Madison. He worked hard and prospered. In time he met, loved and married Eva Wadleigh, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Matt Wadleigh, an old and wealthy resident and a prominent business man. They lived in a beautiful home on a fashionable street, and were a model husband and wife. Mrs. Hazeltine was a leader in society and in the church, and was foremost in the social festivities of the place. Four years ago Amos B. Morse came here and took charge of the affairs of a local bank. He was good looking, a smooth talker, and as cashier of the bank had great influence in business circles, which he exerted in pushing Hazeltine's law practice, the banker and the lawyer having become fast friends. The two were always together when Hazeltine was not away on business, which was not infrequently, as the cases that Morse threw in his hands almost invariably called the young attorney from home, sometimes for a day or two, but often for a week or ten days at a time. Then Morse took advantage of the friendship between himself and Hazeltine to pay attention to his young lawyer's charming wife. The banker met Mrs. Hazeltine in the society of her husband, and won her regards by his devotion to Hazeltine. They met together in society, and were frequently seen driving together, but with the knowledge of Hazeltine, who was deaf to the scandalous reports that began to be whispered about.

One day, however, he received an anonymous note which opened his eyes. A letter from Mrs. Hazeltine to Morse was intercepted about the same time in which mention was made of indiscretions in the past and the certainty of discovery, and a plan for flight. Hazeltine would not even then believe his wife guilty until she confessed it all. She told of midnight debauches, of visits to houses of bad reputation, of trips to an island in the river a few miles from town, where John Curran and Morse were mentioned by her as her companions in crime, while the name of her friend, Miss Anna Park, the daughter of the late Judge Gilbert Park, was given as the victim of Curran's lust.

When the story was finished Hazeltine was prostrated. He staggered to the home of Mr. Wadleigh, and while telling the old gentleman of the confession of wife and daughter, saw Morse driving by. Hazeltine rushed from the house, hailed the banker and shot him dead.

In the trial that followed all the villainy practiced by Morse and Curran came out. Curran left the city, it is understood, because he dreaded Hazeltine's vengeance. Hazeltine was acquitted, but John Curran and Henry Curran feared him, John dreading punishment for his part in despoiling Hazeltine's home, and Henry fearing the young lawyer's vengeance for some reason that is not yet plain. Henry Curran became insane six months ago from the effects of the strain of fear and dread, and spent several weeks in the Northern Insane Asylum at Oshkosh.

The evidence before the coroner's jury so far goes to show that two men did the killing or were parties to it, one firing two heavy charges of buckshot into the unsuspecting attorney as he passed the Curran House, while the other fired two shots from a pistol and tossed the weapon within a few feet of the dead man, with a view, the District Attorney claims, to causing

the inference to be drawn that Hazeltine fired the two shots and dropped the pistol as he fell.

The dead man's friends scoff at the idea that he intended to kill the Currans, or either of them, and on the contrary assert that he has repeatedly said that he

well-shaped head. He has the reputation of being a tough character, and four or five years ago, when a bullet fired from the Curran House struck Pat McHugh down, it was whispered that it came from John Curran's rifle. A dozen years ago he shot Chief of Police

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that Mr. Hazeltine came to his death from a gunshot wound at the hands of J. D. Curran. The inquest was very exciting as well as interesting. One of the female employees at the Curran House swore that John Curran passed her with a gun in his hands a few moments after the shooting, looking pale and excited. A. B. Gilchrist, a boarder at the house, was sitting in the office and looking out after the first shot was fired, saw John on the walk. He came in a few moments later through a side door with a gun in his hands. Frank Buss, a boy who was unloading wood near the Commercial Hotel on the same street a block distant, saw Hazeltine coming along with his hands in his pockets, heard a shot fired by a man on the opposite side of the street, and saw Hazeltine fall upon his knees, then another shot and Hazeltine fell upon his face.

The examination took place at the court house, and when the boy was brought in the room where the prisoners were, with a number of others, he was unable to recognize the man who fired the shot. He testified that after Hazeltine fell three more shots were fired from the same side of the street that the two first were fired from. The body of Hazeltine was taken to Brooklyn, Wis., the home of his parents, accompanied by a delegation of attorneys. The jail is still well guarded by officers, but no danger is apprehended to the prisoners, although there is considerable bitter feeling.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Hazeltine, parents of W. W. Hazeltine, live on a farm two and one-half miles west of Brooklyn, a village on the Chicago and Northwestern railway, about fifteen miles south of Madison, Brooklyn Township, Green county. Each is about seventy years of age.

They were very much affected by the killing of their son. They expected that the murderer would be committed by the Currans ever since the previous difficulty. They think there is no doubt but that Curran committed the murder. Willis was their only son and was thirty-one years old. They also have one married daughter, living in Iowa, who will be at the parental home for the funeral. The remains of the son, accompanied by his business partner, will arrive home tomorrow, and the funeral will take place Friday at 1 o'clock. Rev. Hall, of Madison, will be the officiating clergyman. The remains will be interred in what is known as the Stone School House cemetery at Jug Prairie. Seymour Smith, a resident of this place, and Reuben Boyce, a farmer, uncles of the deceased, and an aunt from Minnesota, will all be at the funeral. The parents think there is great danger of Curran's being lynched, as the son had many warm friends in Stevens Point.

### HEROISM OF TWO BRAVE WOMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two ladies were visiting at the light-house keeper's dwelling at Manistee, Mich., March 19. Captain Robins, the light-house keeper, saw a gale was rising at four o'clock in the afternoon, and started to take the ladies across the river to their home. Mrs. Johnson, one of the ladies, got down off the pier into the small skiff, and as Miss Fagin, her companion, went to get in she struck on the side of the boat and capsized it, throwing them both into the water. Captain Robins, who has but one arm, saved himself by hanging on to the pier. The skiff turned bottom up, the two women hanging on to the half-inch keel with their fingers. A bowline was made by Keeper Finch and thrown over Miss Fagin's head, and she was pulled to the pier. The captain could not pull up to the station on account of the ice and was drifting out to the lake. Mrs. Finch, the wife of the keeper of the station, grabbed the surf-boat rope, ran down the icy piers with Mrs. Hamilton, a neighbor, and threw the end of the rope to the captain, who made it fast to the skiff, when the two brave women towed the boat and its occupants to the station. Lieutenant Rogers says it is probable the department will make some special recognition of the bravery exhibited by the woman who aided in the rescue.

### FOUR LUCKY NEW YORKERS.

They Strike it Rich in the Louisiana Lottery on an Investment of \$1 Each.

There are four lucky men in this city who struck it rich in the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, held in New Orleans on March 13. None of them invested more than \$1 and one of them is now a capitalist to the extent of \$15,000, while two others can each draw a check for \$5,000 that will be duly honored, and the fourth has the neat little sum of \$2,500 put away in the stocking at home.

The lucky men are W. T. Ridgway, a drug clerk, employed at 142 Sixth avenue, who put up a dollar for the one-twentieth part of ticket 51,570. This ticket drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 and Ridgway is just \$15,000 ahead in consequence. Mr. Ridgway declines to discuss his good fortune for fear he will be suddenly overwhelmed with congratulations by a host of friends whom he never knew were so warmly attached to him before his sudden access of wealth.

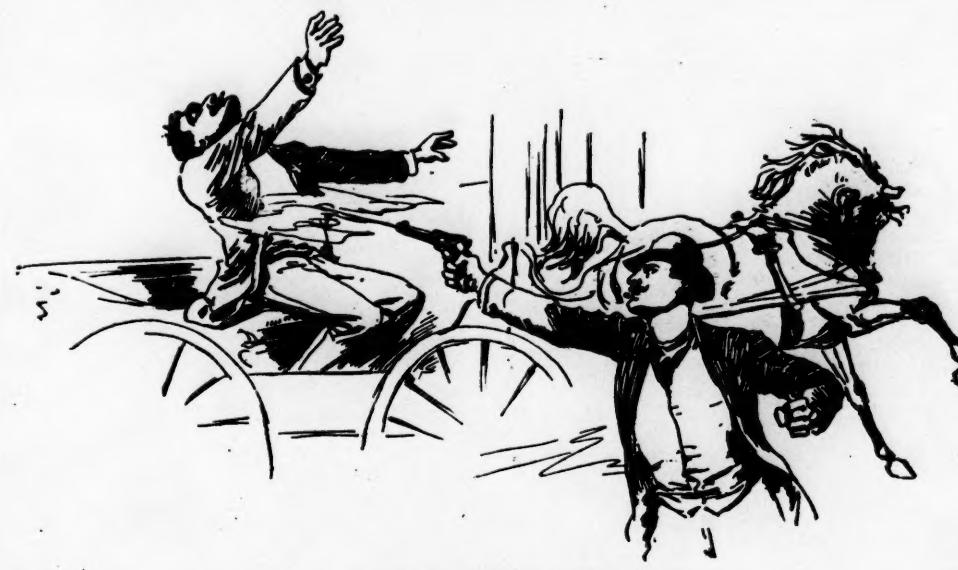
Two of the other favorites of the lucky goddess are a clerk in a Wall street banking house and a hard-working man who lives in the First ward and probably never had fifty dollars at one time before in his life. They each held one-twentieth of ticket 60,675, which drew the second capital prize of \$100,000, and they scooped in \$5,000 apiece. Both gentlemen are averse to notoriety, and so they got a mutual friend, Mr. Max Haefner, of 176 Greenwich street, to collect the money for them, which he did, and handed it over to them last Tuesday.

Mr. Haefner stated to a *News* reporter yesterday that the Wall street young man told him that this was only his second venture in lottery tickets and he was highly delighted at the result. The other lucky man said that he had been buying tickets regularly every drawing for several years and never struck anything but two small prizes before—but he is now way ahead and perfectly willing to take another shot at it.

The fourth winner is Ignatz Isakowitz, who lives at 88 Wille street. He paid a dollar for the one-twentieth of ticket 82,114, which drew the third capital prize of \$50,000, which is \$2,500. He has bought tickets off and on for over a year past, and never dreamed of such a windfall. He has put his money away in the savings bank.—*New York Daily News*, April 3.

### SETTLING AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The *Sporting Life* and *Bell's Life*, of London decides the question of the prize ring championship of the world as follows: "Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, while he holds the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, representing the heavy-weight championship of America and England, must be considered the champion of the world; and he is ready to defend it against all challengers."



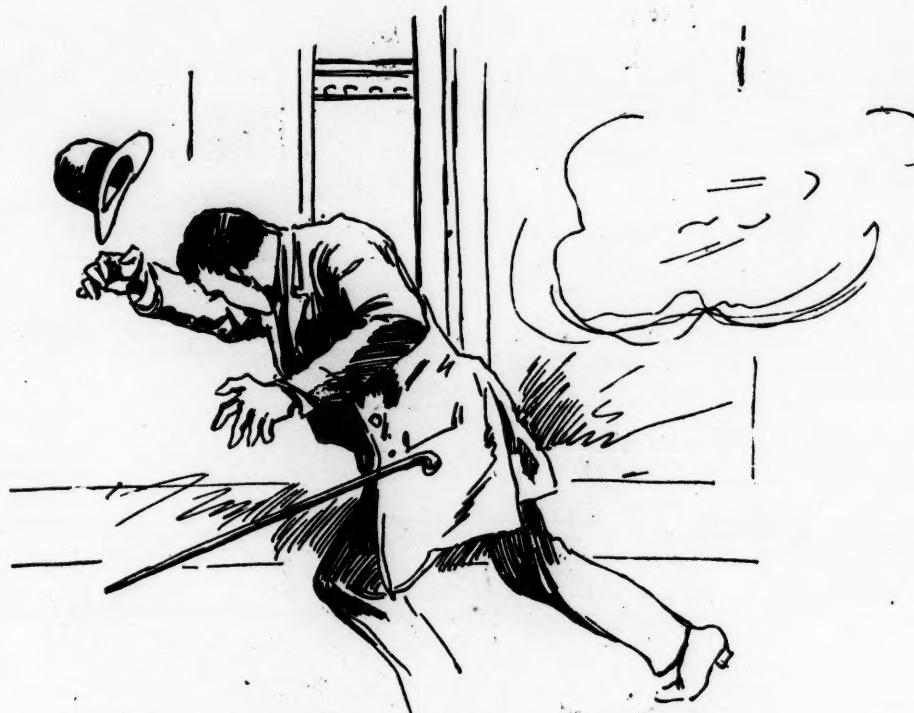
THE MORSE TRAGEDY.

would not attempt their lives, but would rather injure them financially and socially, as far as he was able, and that he would lose no opportunity to do so. Nevertheless, one witness, the bartender at the Curran House, swore to-day that he saw Hazeltine shoot the first two shots, but that he did not know whom he shot at nor who killed him; that he (the witness) quickly got out of the way when the firing began, and made no inquiries in regard to the same. Two reliable witnesses swore that Hazeltine's hands were under him as he fell, with the right-hand in his front pocket. One witness said that Henry Curran's arm was extended in the direction of Hazeltine as the last shot was heard, but he could not tell who fired it.

When a reporter called at the county jail to get a statement from the Currans the building was sur-

Beck, of Milwaukee, but escaped punishment. Henry Curran, who has been arrested, is ten or twelve years older than John. He is slender, his face spare, his complexion sallow to gashliness and his hair white as snow. He has a peculiar hunted look in his eyes, that with his complexion gives him a strange appearance. The Currans possess considerable property, amassed in logging operations and in the hotel business, and they will spend a fortune in fighting the case. Until the matter is in the courts they refuse to speak of the circumstances of the shooting.

On Main street stands a pretty two-story frame house, the home of Matthew Wadleigh, where Mrs. Hazeltine took refuge after the killing of Morse. The body of W. W. Hazeltine was taken to the home of his father-in-law last evening at the urgent request of his



HAZELTINE'S COWARDLY ASSASSINATION.

rounded by guards. The structure is of stone, the jail being in the basement; the city offices and court room in the first and second floors. Arrangements are being made to repel an attack, should Hazeltine's friends make an attempt to lynch the alleged assassins. When taken to the jail John Curran seemed to feel greatly relieved, as he was badly frightened. On the way there, so it is asserted, a large revolver was found in his boot-leg. Curran told that official he was not armed. He was given quarters in the cell-room; but to-night was kept in the court room on the upper floor of the building, where he can be defended against a mob of any number.

John Curran, who is charged with the killing, is about forty-five years old, although looking much older. He is of stout build, with broad shoulders and

wife. Hazeltine apprehended that his life was in danger, and told his wife that if he should be killed that he wanted her to care for his body, which she promised to do. His tragic death nearly drove her crazy with grief, notwithstanding that they have been comparative strangers for nearly two years, and she issued orders for the immediate removal of the body to the house, where it reposes in a fine black casket, not far from the spot where the shots were fired which ended Morse's life.

Mrs. Hazeltine refuses to see even her most intimate friends, and sits in her room moaning and wailing. A story was in circulation to-day that she had declared that she would take John Curran's life and her own as forfeit for the killing of her husband, but it is not credited.



CURRAN WATCHES THE MOB FROM HIS CELL WINDOW.

### MUST BE CONSIDERED CHAMPION.

The *Sporting Life* and *Bell's Life*, of London decides the question of the prize ring championship of the world as follows: "Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, while he holds the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, representing the heavy-weight championship of America and England, must be considered the champion of the world; and he is ready to defend it against all challengers."

## CROOKED SPOTTERS

How Fly Iowa Constables Worked the Prohibition Racket.

## SALOONKEEPERS BLACKMAILED

These Are the Chaps Who Don't Like the Gazette.

## THE GOODY GOODY PEOPLE.

**G**HE suit against the prohibition constables, Pierce, Potts, and Hamilton, at Des Moines, Ia., is the chief topic of conversation in temperance circles. These men are charged with bribery, extortion, oppression and other forms of official corruption and malfeasance. Their case will probably be heard in the District Court, which convenes shortly. There has been a remarkable change in public sentiment regarding these constables. They assumed so long the air of martyrs in a good cause that people came to think that they were wearing themselves out and putting their lives in constant peril for the public good. But when the District Attorney filed charges of bribery and collusion with criminals against them people began to see some things in a different light.

Ever since the prohibitory law was passed there has been more or less friction between the different officials over its enforcement. Some have thought that the Mayor, with the help of the police, should enforce the law, and others that the sheriff with his deputies and constables should do the work. As the police, being paid a salary, would get nothing extra for the work, and, as the constables would make good fees out of the business, the latter rather naturally took up the work. The man who soon forged to the front in this unavoidable occupation was a young man of perhaps 25 years of age named Frank Pierce. He seemed to have all the qualifications for success in it. He was cool, self-possessed, absolutely without fear, and daring to the point of recklessness.

He would walk into a crowd of saloon sympathizers who were yelling "Hang Pierce!" and coolly tell them to begin the job, and nobody dared to touch him. On more than one occasion, a mob has followed him for several blocks threatening to demolish him, but he always escaped with no more serious injuries than a few scratches in a rough-and-tumble fight. He was quick as a cat, lithe and athletic, with his finger always on the trigger ready to get the drop on a man who showed fight. It is not strange, therefore, that Frank Pierce was a "holy terror" to the illegal liquor dealers. Let a lookout shout "Pierce is coming!" and there would be a general scattering in any underground saloon, bottles would be hastily cracked and spigots opened, but not so soon but that Pierce would catch a few drippings for evidence and haul the offenders into court. For every such warrant he executed and for every seizure he made there was a comfortable fee, and the great "enforcer" soon had more business than he could attend to.

Other fellows of similar characteristics were attracted to his assistance, and at once became zealous Prohibitionists for revenue only. Numerous cases of apparent brutality and wanton injustice were reported, but Pierce and his assistants denied the charges and claimed that they were being slandered by saloon men to break down their influence with the public. The extreme Prohibitionists justified them in everything they did, and declared it was necessary to have just such men to enforce the law, and they ought to be sustained by public sentiment for the good results they were accomplishing. In a prohibition meeting held in Foster's Opera House one Sunday evening just before the election last fall, one of the strongest temperance men of the city paid a great tribute to Pierce and his followers, and declared that he would be one to contribute money for a monument to them to commemorate the great good they were doing. All the time other people were saying that the constables deserved no credit, but were in the business for what they could make out of it.

Significant hints were also heard about crookedness on the part of these officials and temperance men who did not impute corruption to them at least admitted that they were indiscreet and were doing the cause great harm by the harsh, brutal, annoying and exasperating methods they employed in enforcing the law. As time passed on druggists who, under the Pharmacy law, are entitled to sell liquor for certain purposes, began to complain that they were being subjected to a species of blackmail and were constantly harassed by prohibition constables. An officer would pounce down upon them with a warrant, claiming that they had failed to comply with the law on some technical point—such perhaps as reporting a purchaser's full name instead of an initial letter—haul them before a Justice of the Peace, interrupt their business and make them hire a lawyer, only to find when the case was brought to trial that the evidence was insufficient and they would be acquitted. Or the industrious constable would drop down upon some wholesale liquor dealer

who had a permit to sell, and, producing a warrant, declare that he had violated his permit in some technical way, seize his stock of liquors, lock up his store, and compel him to appear for trial when he would usually be acquitted. The constable would get his fees whether successful in the suit or not, while the

mission the complaint says that Foley paid Pierce \$105. \$100 about the date of the agreement and \$5 on or about Sept. 1, 1887, all of which money Pierce accepted for the corrupt purposes named.

The second specification charges him with making a similar agreement with one Lorenz Ill, from whom he

avenue, in which investigation the name of one C. K. Bodfish was connected as the keeper thereof. Frank Pierce, being well acquainted with the said place and the said C. K. Bodfish, received and accepted from the said C. K. Bodfish the sum of \$10 as a consideration for appearing before said jury as a witness to testify for Bodfish.

The eleventh specification introduces a little variety in the matter for consideration, for it alleges that Pierce made a verbal agreement with one Alfred Johnson to allow him to sell liquor at his residence, corner of Fifteenth and Maple streets, and received in return a new washing machine of the value of \$7.

In the thirteenth specification it is alleged that Pierce made a verbal agreement about July 1, 1887, with French & Chambers, keepers of the White Elephant restaurant on Fourth street—after having searched their place of business for intoxicating liquors for illegal sale, and having found them—to discontinue his searching visits and use his influence to induce the constables, Potts and Hamilton, to leave them alone. In return he is charged with having received from French & Chambers the sum of \$45, paid at different dates.

The fourteenth specification charges Pierce with having arrested one M. N. Walker during the month of October, 1887, found in the commission of a public offense, and with having let him go on the payment to Pierce of \$5.

Then follow specifications similar to the preceding, and the eighteenth specification brings the case down to the trap laid by the wholesale liquor dealers, referred to above. It is as follows: "Complainant further alleges that the said defendant, while acting in the capacity of said officer as aforesaid, and on the 4th day of February, A. D., 1888, received and accepted from one F. L. Stubbs, a wholesale liquor dealer in Des Moines, Polk county, Ia., the sum of \$50, as a consideration for the said offender's influence as such officer to procure, without trial or judicial investigation, the release of a large amount of intoxicating liquors, together with the vessels containing the same, then being held under a search warrant duly issued by a Justice of the Peace in and for Polk county, Iowa, on charge of being kept for illegal sale in Polk county, Iowa, and by the said F. L. Stubbs."

The nineteenth specification is similar to the last, substituting the name J. S. McCormick for Stubbs, and the amount of the bribe being given as "large sums of money."

The twentieth specification sums up the situation as follows: "Complainant further alleges and charges that during the time that defendant has been acting as such officer as aforesaid he has frequently filed informations before Justices of the Peace and procured to be issued thereon warrants of arrest for persons whose names are to the informant unknown. And when warrants were issued made arrest of such persons as directed in said warrants of arrest, and then, for a money consideration paid to him, the said Frank Pierce, constable, allowed and permitted such persons to be released without arraignment or trial, he appearing before such Justices entering a plea of guilty for such persons and then paying their fine. Wherefore your petitioner says: That the said Frank Pierce is guilty of willful, corrupt, gross partiality; willful and corrupt oppression in office; extortion and willfully and corruptly receiving bribes, and willful mal-administration in said office, as constable aforesaid; and therefore prays the Court upon hearing of this complaint, that it be ordered and adjudged by the Court that said Frank Pierce, constable, be removed from his said office and that the said office be declared vacant."

In answer to these definite charges the constables put in a general and sweeping denial, alleging that Prosecuting Attorney Phillips is the corrupt official, and hinting that they have some startling developments to spring on him.

### FRIGHTFUL DEATH OF TWO CLERGYMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Rev. Clayton C. Mumma, of Reading, Pa., and Rev. John Conrad, of Denver, Pa., were killed on the Schuylkill Valley Division of the Pennsylvania railroad at Reading, a few evenings ago. They were on their way to visit a sick member of the former's congregation, and were walking on the railroad track, when they were struck by a north-bound passenger train. Both were hurled as high as the smokestack of the engine, and when they came down struck upon their heads. Mumma's skull was crushed in and he died half an hour after the accident. Conrad also sustained a compound fracture of the skull and subsequently died in the Reading Hospital.

### A YOUTHFUL AVENGER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

James Dietz, an adopted son of William H. Dietz, of Girard, Ill., twelve years of age, shot David Wineland, a carpenter living in that town, in the back by slipping up behind him and using a 32-calibre bulldog pistol. The ball entered just below the left kidney. The boy was immediately arrested. He said no one urged him up to the act; that Wineland had killed his father, and that it made him angry to see him walking around, so he thought he would shoot him. Wineland died from the effect of the wound.

### PORLAND (ME.) TOUGHS LET LOOSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Four longshoremen went into the Forest City saloon on Commercial street, Portland, Me., a few evenings since, and proceeded to smash things. After tipping over the cast-iron stove and breaking it, they pulled down the funnel which ran through the floor. In doing this they nearly tipped over a kerosene lamp in the room above. They then proceeded to smash out the panes of glass in the front room. They belong to the notorious Mulkern gang, which has become a terror to Portland.

### PERILOUS PLUNGE THROUGH MID-AIR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A Jackson (Mich.) special informs us that Edward D. Hogan, an aeronaut, dropped from a balloon at that place, a few days ago, when it had reached the height of two miles, and made the descent in safety by means of a parachute.

### JAKE IS TRUMP.

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### WON THE TITLE FAIRLY.

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PIERCE'S METHOD OF INTIMIDATING HIS VICTIMS.

druggist or dealer might have to lose several days' business, have to suffer the odium of being dragged into court and the damage to his reputation. It was not surprising, therefore, that men who were exposed to annoyances of this kind should prefer to pay for being let alone even if they knew they violated no provision of the law. And it was also rumored that men who were conscious violators had found a way to



FRANK PIERCE.

satisfy the constables' zeal without the process of the courts.

A few weeks ago the stock of liquors of three wholesale dealers was seized by the constables on the charge that they were "doing business under a firm name, while their permits were made out to them individually. Their stores were locked up, their business was interrupted at a loss of considerable money daily, and the dealers determined to see if they couldn't set a trap for the constables. So they arranged with the County Attorney to mark several bills, which the dealers were to offer to the constables on condition that they consent to have the liquors released from custody and have the suits dismissed. It was hoped that the whole outfit could be caught, but some of the constables were too sharp, and kept out of the way; but Constable Potts, it is charged, bit the bait, and was arrested with some of the marked bills in his possession. The grand jury then investigated the general charges of bribery and corruption against these officials, and as a result of the evidence obtained County Attorney Phillips felt justified in beginning suit against Constables Pierce, Potts and Hamilton for corruption and malfeasance. The charges against each are of a similar character.

received the sum of \$60 in four payments as a consideration for the permission and protection he gave to a man who sold liquor in violation of law.

The third specification charges Pierce with having received the sum of \$130 in different payments during the months of September, October, November and December, 1887, from one Otto Manger for permitting him to sell liquor in violation of the law and protecting him from arrest and seizure while engaged in such violation of the law.

The fourth specification states that Pierce, while acting as constable, received the sum of \$50 from one J. C. Hansen for omitting to make searches for intoxicating liquors and permitting Hansen to sell liquor in violation of the law, and exempting him from arrest and seizure for violation of the laws of Iowa.

A similar specification is alleged in the case of Owen Murphy, from whom it is charged that Pierce received \$90 in consideration of a verbal agreement made Aug. 15, 1887, not to prosecute for violations of the liquor law.

The seventh specification is a little different from the foregoing, and charges that on or about Sept. 8, 1887, while Pierce was acting as an officer he arrested Wm. Murphy, Joseph Murphy and Owen Murphy, found by him in the commission of a crime, and then and there



TAKING LEG BAIL TO ESCAPE A MOB'S VIOLENCE.

received from them the sum of \$50, for which he released them from arrest and agreed not to prosecute them.

The ninth specification is different from any of the foregoing. It charges that on or about Aug. 25, 1887, Pierce made a verbal agreement with one Frank Hoff to permit him to conduct a gambling house at No. 126



THE BLACKMAILER FRIGHTENS A CROWD IN A DRUG STORE.

those against the leader of the trio, Frank Pierce, including twenty specifications.

The first specification charges that on or about Jan. 15, 1887, Pierce entered into a verbal agreement with one L. Foley to permit him to sell liquor in violation of law, and to protect him from search and seizure in his unlawful business. In consideration for this per-

mission the complaint says that Foley paid Pierce \$105. \$100 about the date of the agreement and \$5 on or about Sept. 1, 1887, all of which money Pierce accepted for the corrupt purposes named.

The second specification charges him with making a similar agreement with one Lorenz Ill, from whom he



GORED TO DEATH  
INFURIATED ANIMALS IN A MEXICAN AMPHITHEATRE CHARGE ON A SURGING CROWD



ATH B  
MADDENED BULLS.

ING CROWD OF HELPLESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN.--FRIGHTFUL PANIC CAUSED BY A FIRE.

## PUGILISTIC.

An Interesting Bit of  
Pugilistic Chron-  
ology.

## THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

John L. Sullivan was to have sailed for home on April 12.

Arthur Chambers, the well-known backer of pugilists and wrestlers, and boniface of the Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, has fully recovered from his sickness and is on deck again.

Jim Kennedy and the "Brighton Fly" called at the Globe office, Boston, on April 4, and perfected arrangements for a finish fight with Stilman and Russell, two youthful gladiators of Charlestown.

John Griffin, of Braintree, and Frank Maguire, of Cambridge, will box 15 rounds with two-ounce gloves within 20 miles of Boston. They were matched before, but Maguire backed out on account of a lame shoulder. Griffin has been hard at work in the Athenian gymnasium, and weighed 119 pounds recently. Maguire is also in first-class condition. No date has been agreed upon.

The Omaha "Herald" says: "Prof. Patsy Fallon has been kindly remembered by his friend, Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who has sent him a fac-simile of Kilrain's colors, an elegant silk affair, which Patsy will have framed and hung in his saloon. Mr. Fox also sent him a photograph of himself, of which an enlarged copy will be made which will occupy a conspicuous place alongside of the Kilrain colors."

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Fort Custer sends the following report of a merry mill between Case Momo, champion of the port, and Tobacco Jake, champion of the reservation. In the first round Jake was very careful, but Momo got in on him and gave him a black eye. In the second round Jake thought there was no use in being careful, so he landed with a rush on Case Momo. The struggle commenced then to see who should gain the fall. At last Jake lit on De Momo. Jake punished him severely.

Jimmy Boyle and Jack Lawler, well-known pugilists of Malden, Mass., would have fought to a finish with two-ounce gloves for a purse of \$100, but for the police. They undertook to pull off the battle in Malden, but the police were on hand. The party started for East Cambridge, where they were to fight in a prominent sporting resort. While passing through Charlestown the police of division 16, who had received notice of their coming, chased the parties to the line. On arriving at the locality where the battle was to take place, the pugilists were about to step into the ring when the police again made their appearance and called a halt.

Recently at Valley Mine, Col., articles of agreement for a fight to a finish for \$500 a side with bare knuckles were drawn up between Wm. Hendricks, alias "Red," of Kansas pugilistic fame, and Gatlin Thomas. It has been well known for some time past that there has been bad blood between the two, and it was only a question of time when they would meet in the ring and fight it out. The rivalry between them over a dazzling young lady in this place, it is said, has brought about the fight. The young lady declares she will be present at the fight, and also states she will marry the best man. Taking all in all, the contest promises to be a highly interesting one. Both men are confident of winning and are going under a rigid course of training. Some large bets are being made between the friends of the principals. John Wiley will second "Red" and Dan Driscoll second Thomas.

An important decision is given in the "Sporting Life," London, in reference to the championship of the world. It decides that Jake Kilrain, of Boston, is the champion of the world while he holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the heavy-weight championship of the world.

Kilrain must be considered the champion of the world while he holds the badge of office and will remain the undisputed holder of that trophy as long as he stands ready to defend the same. It is a champion's place to know his position and while we believe the American does, it is not out of place to state that it is not necessary for him to challenge but to accept all challenges according to the standard rules. We speak on authority when we state that Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE of New York, who backed Kilrain in his international match for \$10,000, with Jem Smith, and who was the donor of the championship emblem, stands ready to back Kilrain any time against any man in the world for \$5,000 or \$10,000.

Prof. Patsy Fallon, of Omaha, is very vexed with Ike Weir, the "Belfast Spider," and claims to have been treated very shabbily by that youth. About eight weeks ago the Spider wrote to Patsy from Dublin, requesting him to perfect arrangements for the appearance of the "Ike Weiristic Combination" in Omaha. Fallon immediately secured the Grand Opera House and proceeded to advertise the entertainment. When he advised the light-weight wonder of what he had done, the latter wired: "All right. Will be there sure." A few days later, however, the obliging professor received a letter from the Spider's manager informing him that the combination had secured a week's engagement in the Garden City, and would be favored by a postponement of their Omaha date till March 24. Patsy succeeded in cancelling the original date and renting the theatre again. He reported progress to Weir, and is still awaiting a response. Patsy's expense in the matter amounts to something over \$100, not including the time and postage stamps he has wasted. If the Spider visits Omaha this season or next season, his reception will be the warmest ever tendered a thumper.

The glove fight between Denny Kelleher and Mike Boden, the Canuck, which was recently arranged at Charley Norton's sporting house at Newark, was decided at a well-known resort of the "fancy" in New Jersey on April 3. The men fought for a purse of \$112 according to "Police Gazette" rules. Steve Brodie and Martin Dempsey handled Boden, and Jack Mullin and Billy Johnson seconded Kelleher. Boden, who is a Canadian, is twenty-one years old. He stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches, and he said he weighed 186 pounds, but he looked twenty pounds heavier. Bob Turnbull was timekeeper, and P. Donohue referee. After the first round both men lost their temper and imagined that they were contending according to go-as-you-please rather than "Police Gazette" rules; wrestling, hugging, and everything contrary to the rules were indulged in. In the second round the fight became a rough-and-tumble. Boden got in two very hard left-hand blows on Kelleher's stomach that made the Port Richmond man grunt. Boden threw Kelleher in a clinch as the 3 minutes had nearly expired. Neither man thought of anything but injuring his opponent during the third and fourth rounds, which were fought in semi-darkness, for the proprietor had turned out the lights of one ring of gas jets and was in the enclosure, carrying a long gas lighter, mixed up with the combatants, who struggled in the corners on the floor and over the ropes amid a deafening uproar. The lights were turned out, but neither man dared quit the ring. While the proprietor stepped back to his bar the gas jets were relighted, and "Time" was called again. This round was even more regardless of rules than the preceding ones, and the sober people in the crowd were glad

## THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

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when the proprietor hurried back and ordered the mill stopped. The men clamored for a decision. The referee declared the battle must go on or he would give the money back to the spectators, and said he would notify the pugilists of the time and place to continue, and if one man only were present he would get the entire purse. Kelleher didn't want to fight any more for a \$63 purse, especially as he had injured his forearm on the Canadian's head, and he agreed to accept a third of the purse and give Boden the battle and two-thirds of the money.

A mill occurred near Newark on April 3, between James McElroy, of Newark, and Joseph Maley, of Belleville, N. J. About fifty spectators were present, and the fight was for a subscription purse of \$100, under London rules. The proprietaries were carefully attended to by several well-known Newark sporting men, who are too modest to have their names mentioned. McElroy is 5 feet 8 inches, twenty-two years old, and he weighs 130 pounds. Maley measures an inch more and is two years older. He weighs 144 pounds. The first round opened with some light sparring and ended in a slugging bout, in which Maley seemed to be the better man. In the second round the men smashed away rapidly and finally clinched, when McElroy was thrown over Maley's shoulder. In the 4th round this was repeated, and in the 5th, 6th and 7th McElroy seemed to be getting nearly all the punishment. Bets of 2 to 1 were freely made on Maley in the 7th round, which he ended by throwing McElroy over the ropes. In the eighth round McElroy came up groggy, and Maley tried to get in a blow which would knock him out; but he failed, after having spent a great deal of energy in the effort. He succeeded only in shutting Maley's right eye and dumping him over the ropes. More heavy slugging followed in the ninth round, and McElroy, blindfolded, pounded Maley's ribs and arms. They clinched, and McElroy again went down under his bulky antagonist. In the next round Maley showed the effect of McElroy's rib crushers, and the latter then forced the fighting, seeming to get fresher and stronger every moment. Nevertheless, Maley closed with him and threw him again. Maley had forced the fighting from the beginning, and now he showed the effect of his hard work, while his lighter antagonist, who had been whipped for nine rounds, was feeling good again. The eleventh round settled the matter. Maley was breathing hard, and his blows were becoming perceptibly weaker, when McElroy dealt him a swinging blow on the neck. It was a paralyzer, and Maley remained quiescent for four or five minutes. The fight was awarded to McElroy, and a consolation purse of \$25 was made up for Maley, who had earned it well.

According to pugilistic chronology there have been five instances in which American champions and ex-champions of the prize ring have crossed the Atlantic to England to contend in the arena for the fistic supremacy in the 24-foot ring against the champions of England, and it is a matter of fact that none of the American champions in battling for the title have met with a reverse. Charles Freeman, the American giant, went over to England in 1842 to meet the best man in England. Freeman stood 6 feet 10 1/2 inches in height and weighed 222 pounds. On his arrival in England he was matched to fight Wm. Perry, the Tipton Slasher. The battle commenced at Sawbridgeworth on Dec. 14, 1844, when, after 70 rounds had been fought in 1 hour and 34 minutes, darkness came on. The referee ordered another meeting at Tipton, England, two days later, when the police interfered. The referee ordered the men to fight again on Dec. 20, and they met at Cliffe Marshes. Thirty-eight rounds were fought in 39 minutes, when the Tipton Slasher fell without a blow, and the American was declared the winner.

In 1859 John Carmel Heenan, went to England to meet Tom Sayers, the champion of England, in a battle for \$1,000 and the belt representing the English championship of the world. The battle ended in a wrangle when the American was winning, and which broke up the ring, when the referee declared a draw. Heenan afterward met Tom King for \$10,000, but the battle resulted in Heenan's defeat, either by betting manipulations or by the American being drugged. The King and Heenan fight was not for any championship, because Tom King was not champion of England when he fought Heenan, which fact will surprise many of the world's prize ring authorities. Heenan's defeat, while it was to be regretted, because he represented America as the champion, had nothing whatever to do with the championship of the world, and if the "Beneficia Boy" had won he would have either retired or met Jem Mace, who was champion of England prior to Heenan's battle with King, before he could have gained the title of champion of the world.

In 1863 Joe Coburn, who plumed as the champion of America, which title he fairly won by conquering Mike McCole, issued a challenge to fight Tom King for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, but King having retired, the same offer was advanced to Jem Mace. A match was ratified for the champions of the Old and New Worlds to fight for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world. Ireland being named for the battle ground, Coburn sailed from New York on May 14, and arrived at his destination on May 27. Arrangements were made for the battle to be fought at Pierstock, Ireland, on Oct. 4, 1864. Coburn appeared in the ring, but Mace and his backers and friends had left for England the night previous, and there was no fight, but a fiasco, and the stakes were drawn. Coburn had the best of the wrangle which occurred later, for he proved his good faith by entering the ring to meet his formidable antagonist, the English champion, who was evidently afraid to fight.

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Jake Kilrain was the next American to cross the Atlantic to fight for the championship of the world, and he left these shores as champion, a title which he won by John L. Sullivan, who up to that time held the title, refusing to defend it when challenged in the regular way, and according to the rules laid down to govern prize ring championships. Kilrain succeeded to the title in the same manner as Jem Mace succeeded to the championship of England after he had met with defeat by Tom King. Mace challenged King to fight for the champion's belt, put up the required forfeit, King refused to accept the challenge, and Mace was proclaimed champion of England. Sullivan won the championship of America in 1862 according to London prize ring rules, the only rules recognized in a prize ring championship encounter. From 1862 until 1867, although Sullivan posed as champion, during that time, he repudiated every vestige of right he had to it by refusing to contend for it according to the orthodox London prize ring rules, a d when Kilrain's backer put up \$1,000 and Kilrain agreed to meet Sullivan for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, Sullivan refused, and Kilrain succeeded him, and was declared champion by the N. Y. Clipper and London "Sporting Life." Kilrain went to England as champion of America, and no one, not prejudiced, could deny his right to the title. He went to meet Jem Smith, the recognized champion of England, a pugilist whom English sporting authorities were ready to back with thousands of dollars, and whom they classed with a second Tom Sayers. It was not for the paltry \$1,000 a side that Freeman, the American Giant; Heenan and Sayers, or the \$2,500 a side that Jem Mace and Joe Coburn were to fight for, but for \$10,000, and all the American champion's share of the stakes were put up solely by the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, Kilrain's backer, who gave him also an extra \$1,000 to be in the ring. Besides the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which cost \$2,500, was also paid for and offered for competition by the American champion's backer, which is something wonderful and unheard of in prize ring encounters, for generally the stakes in such encounters are subscribed by various persons. The battle was fought: there was no fiasco; it was well managed and it ended satisfactorily, without any wrangle like battles for the championship of the world that preceded the great battle between Smith and Kilrain.

John L. Sullivan was the next pugilist who started for England to defeat Smith, Kilrain and Mitchell. He ratified a match with Mitchell for \$2,500 a side. The battle was fought and ended in a draw. As neither Mitchell nor Sullivan were champions, the match was only secondary in importance to the great championship battles between Heenan and Sayers, and Kilrain and Smith, and had the ex-champion of America defeated Mitchell he would have had to have conquered Kilrain and Smith before he could have won the championship of the world. Looking back at all of the international championship prize fights, the battle between Kilrain and Smith was the most important and the most satisfactory, for it was for a greater amount of money than was ever fought for the championship of the world, and it cost over \$16,000. It ended more satisfactorily than any of the previous international battles, and Kilrain, now the acknowledged champion of the world, came out with the Stars and Stripes flying. It is therefore on record that the POLICE GAZETTE has arranged and brought off successfully the hardest fought and best contested battle of modern times.

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## SPORTING.

## Presentation of the "Police Gazette" Trophy to the Champion Jockey.

## A NOTABLE EVENT.

Prof. W. Clark of St. Louis is to hold a grand swimming tournament at St. Louis shortly.

Prof. Mike Donovan, the teacher of boxing of the New York Athletic Club, will be tendered a testimonial benefit at Paresa Hall on Saturday, April 21.

It is reported at Lexington that Patton, the Ten Broek colt that has been backed heavily for the Kentucky Derby, has become so lame as to unfit him for work and possibly cause his retirement from the turf.

William Graham, the champion English wing shot, who is now visiting Fred Erb at Lafayette, Ind., has challenged Annie Oakley, the Little Sure Shot, to shoot any number of live birds for any amount, Graham to handle his gun with one hand.

Tom Lees, the Australian, will box any man in the world at 154 pounds for £200 a side. First come, first served. The match to come off in two months time, and the whole of the money to be posted at the time of making the match. Nobody barred.

Billy Myers now says that his match with McAuliffe has fallen through, his money, deposited with the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, having been returned. This was done because that journal refused to be stakeholder for a prize fight, and McAuliffe's friends think that Myers has weakened and wants to get out of the match.

John Quinn, the Harlem giant and a sportsman of the first water, has opened his new stables on 124th street, in this city, and on April 5 he was presented with a big horseshoe, which will, no doubt, keep the well-known horseman lucky, as he always has been, except when he bets on race horses and Gabe Case's and Johnny Murphy's selections.

The ten-round fight for the middle-weight championship of Southern Minnesota, between Ole Benson and Frank Evers, took place in St. Paul one evening recently. Benson fought on the defensive throughout, and was terribly punished by Evers' side-swinging blows. Evers won the fight. Prof. Porter announced that he would back his unknown against the winner for \$500 and the gate receipts.

The Parson Davies Specialty Combination will appear at the London theatre, this city, week of April 16, and Wm. Muldoon, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler, and Evan Lewis, the Strangler, now matched against Jack Wannop for the championship of the world and \$2,000, at catch-as-catch-can wrestling, will meet all comers under the following conditions. Manager Chas. E. Davies will give \$100 to any wrestler who can gain a fall from Muldoon or Lewis, or \$50 to any wrestler whom they fall to defeat in 15 minutes, or \$2 a minute after the first 5 minutes to any wrestler for every minute he keeps from being thrown. This offer is open to all, Joe Acton, Capt. Daly, Rooper, Prof. Miller, Sebastian Miller, Edwin Bibby or anyone else. Twenty variety artists will also appear in their different specialties.

The following is from the New York "World," April 9: "A complete saddle, with straps and stirrups, the whole made out of caravans and violets—the famous colors of the Dwyer Brothers—stood in the vestibule of the Star theatre last evening and was admired by the friends of James McLaughlin, the jockey, who came to attend the sacred concert given in his honor. It stood amidst other floral emblems which were presented to him, one of which was a nose bag, stirrups and whip. The saddle was the gift of J. Dahanian, Jr., and the other piece came from Mr. and Mrs. Garrison. One of the features of the evening was the presentation to McLaughlin of a gold and silver whip, studded with precious stones, the gift of Richard K. Fox, as an emblem of the jockey championship for the racing season of 1887. It is said to have cost \$1,000, and was formally presented to the recipient by Abe Hummel, who made a brief address. McLaughlin's response was drowned in a burst of applause from all parts of the house."

About 5,000 persons witnessed the athletic games of the Seventh Regiment at this city on April 1. The programme was long and included an exhibition run by E. C. Carter, the champion amateur of America, and exhibitions on the bicycle by W. S. Maitby, a well-known professional. The winners were: Ninety-three yards run—W. W. Benjamin, Company H; time, 10 1/2 seconds; second, F. G. Bourne. Half-mile walk—E. L. Montgomery, Company I; time, 3 minutes 51 seconds; second, W. A. Darling, Jr. Four hundred and forty yards run—F. H. Cray, Company H; time, 63 1/2 seconds; second, Gerald Schuyler. Two mile bicycle race—C. F. Burhans, Company B; time, 7 minutes 24 1/2 seconds; second, J. S. Woodhouse. Running high jump—P. V. Caesar, Company A; distance, 4 feet 10 inches; second, F. G. Bourne. Two hundred and twenty yards run—C. L. Jacqueline, Company G; time, 26 seconds; second, F. G. Rounage. Exhibition ninety yards hurdle race—A. J. Jordan, N. Y. A. C.; time, 13 4/5 seconds. Thousand yard run—G. G. Gilbert, Company B; time, 5 minutes 22 1/2 seconds; second, Willie M. Moore. Sack race—R. A. Stackpole, Company B. Half-mile roller skate race—C. F. Burhans, Company B; time, 1 minute 52 1/2 seconds; second, H. J. Dietz. Exhibition one mile run by E. C. Carter; time, 4 minutes 57 seconds, which is not nearly up to his record. One mile walk—F. A. Ware, Company B; time, 6 minutes 10 seconds. Half-mile run—P. R. Irving, Company K; time, 2 minutes 16 seconds; second, W. E. Bradley. Wheelbarrow race—J. S. Woodhouse, Company F; time, 52 seconds. During the mile walk one of the contestants came near losing his trunks, and had to withdraw in confusion. It was late when the match ended.

The following letter has been received from Charley Mitchell, which the sporting public will no doubt read with interest. Read it.

DAY'S CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT HALL, Birmingham,

March 27, 1888.

DEAR MR. FOX:—Your letter to hand to-day. Thanks very much for kind wishes and expressions. I know you were awfully pleased. Am pleased to tell you Jake and I are very well and making money. We are inseparable. We both appreciate your many kindnesses and generous support, and I'm sure the public must accord to you the priority of King of Sportsmen. I'm sure Jake and I prize you as a friend and admire you for your honest and unbiased adherence to our cause. From the onset you have upheld us as first-class fighters, and I'm proud that we have not given anyone the chance to laugh at us; but we have fulfilled to the letter all you have printed in your paper. I should think by this time the American sporting public will take stock in your prognostications, and I guess you'll find it hard to get a man to put up his money against your judgment. There is no getting away from it, you have done a great deal for sport of every description, and should get the award of merit from every true American sportsman. Jake and I say, "All hall to you," and, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, "Here's your good health, your wife's good health, and may you live long and prosper." As regards my fight with Sullivan, I have nothing to say. I said I would prove he was not the terror he was supposed to be, and

OUR CHAMPION JAKE.

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I am satisfied. I don't think I shall ever fight again, as I have family ties and have promised my

## REFEREE.

## Why Was the Great Battle Drawn When it Was?

## SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

In the "Sportsman," published in London, Mar 19, Sullivan says: "Kirraine is the best of the trio of Smith, Mitchell and Kirraine; in fact, I always knew it, and Smith is, and always was an overrated man. There is not enough elasticity about him; he is too tied up and cloudy in his shoulders. Kirraine has the same fault, and, of course, they cannot hit with any great force. When a man is loose in his shoulders it makes him a better hitter. Well, as you have asked me, I don't think Kirraine wants to fight any more, but there is one man who would: Jake Kilrain."

What is the matter with Sullivan arranging the match for him? Kilrain has defeated Ashton, but he has never defeated Sullivan, simply because the latter never gave him an opportunity.

I have read a dozen books on training, and after all I have come to the conclusion that the best blood purity known to the medical profession is the following: 1. Plenty of cold water sponge bath over the whole body, followed by vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel, using quick, brisk action, the whole process not taking more than 3 minutes time. In dressing, wear flannel next to the skin throughout the year.

2. Eat plenty of plain, nourishing food, plenty of rare beef and mutton, partaking freely of fruits, fresh or stewed, and of vegetables, particularly the summer vegetables, as being more digestible; ignore artificial sweets of all kinds, pies, hot puddings, pastries, heavy preserves, etc.

3. Plenty of outdoor exercise every day; take good long walks, not to over fatigue, however; plenty of fresh air and sunshine; plenty of ventilation to your house and rooms at all times, day and night. Let the fresh air into your sleeping room at night, in winter as well as summer, and see it in every way that you breathe pure oxygen every hour of the twenty-four, instead of carbonic acid gas poison. Take plenty of sleep and at regular hours, and strictly avoid alcoholic drinks and tobacco in any form.

These four (daily cold water bathing, good food, fresh air and exercise) form together the only specific blood purifier known. Medicines, drugs and herbs will not alone purify the blood. The most they can do is sometimes to assist nature in making a start on the right road.

I understand Charley McCarthy, the pugilist, has been debarred from the amateur ranks on account of his recent battle with Joe Flaherty, of Waltham, at the Fisherman's Club in this city not long ago. McCarthy claims that he supposed that Flaherty was an amateur, and that they met to spar for a medal. Flaherty says McCarthy well knew that the battle was to be for a purse, and not for a medal. He also claims that McCarthy has been a pseudo-amateur for some time.

John Teemer will have to look to his laurels, O'Connor, of Toronto, who recently defeated Peterson at San Francisco is fast approaching the championship goal, and many believe that he will give Teemer a chance to best the record if they meet in a race and measure spruces.

By the way, John Teemer, who is now rowing in excellent form at Jacksonville, Fla., sends the following with his sign manual:

"The San Francisco correspondent for the New York Herald, in comments on the O'Connor-Peterson boat race, stated that Hanlan told me, immediately after our single-sculling match on Toronto Bay last season, that he had a boy he would bring against me the next day for one thousand dollars. That statement was entirely true. The words that Hanlan used were that he would put O'Connor against me if I would concede him ten seconds start, which I declined to do. He is also mistaken when he states that O'Connor is only twenty-four years old. It can easily be proven that he is past twenty-seven. I certainly wish O'Connor all the credit due him, for he needs it. But he should not get any more if I can help it, unless it is on facts. And then, that is the case, as he has got no bogging any length of time for a boat race, as he can get one with me any time he wishes and on any curse but Toronto Bay."

Judging from the above epistle, Teemer is eager to meet this late Canadian wonder, who aquatic touts claim can row three miles in faster time than it was ever rowed.

J. B. Angle, the referee in the Sullivan and Mitchell prize fight, thus gives his ideas of the affair in an interview:

"How was it, Mr. Angle," asked our representative, "that the fight was drawn when it was?"

"I mean when there was plenty of light to fight by. In Smith and Kirraine's battle, you remember, it was drawn on account of darkness coming on."

"It was drawn in this case by mutual consent. I had nothing to do with it. As to what seems to be the inference from what I said about the spectators calling 'Draw! draw!' I was in no way influenced by it. How could I? I had only to look on and judge what was done. I repeat again that the fight was drawn simply because the principals mutually consented to do so."

"Was there anything in the nature of the punishment received on either side that made you expect such an agreement?"

"Sullivan was rather knocked about. He suffered terribly from exposure to the weather, Mitchell was not much hurt."

"Then you think the men ought to have gone on fighting?"

"I don't say so. I don't express any opinion. I am sure, however, that each man did his best to win, and that it was a perfectly fair fight all through."

"What about Mitchell trying to spike Sullivan?"

"He never did, either on the first or second occasion. His treading on Sullivan's foot was purely accidental."

"Was there any animus displayed between the men?"

"Of course there was. You can't get two men who hate each other like these two did to fight without expecting something of that kind. All the same, the fighting was perfectly fair."

"Will you give me your opinion of the result of the fight?"

"No, I will not. I am not going to give any opinion. I may say, though, that I think Mitchell showed enormous pluck in standing up against Sullivan as long as he did."

"And as his dodging and running about—was that all right?"

"Of course it was. It was quite in accordance with all the rules of the London prize ring."

"I see some one says that neither of the men knew anything about the rules of the London prize ring."

"Oh, that's only Jim Carney. It doesn't matter what a man like Carney says. Why, there was no appeal for any breach of the rules at the time. If there had been a breach, it would have been brought to my notice at once."

The New York "World," March 31, published the following under the caption of "What's in a Name?" "William Strauss of 105 Lexington avenue, manager of the "Police Gazette" Baseball Club, says that the name of that organization has been unjustly appropriated by Manager Pearson of the Harlem Athletics. Strauss declares that his club uses the name by special permission of R. K. Fox. The club will play the Banjoers for \$25 next Sunday."

There is more in a name than many suppose, and if the baseball clubs which are disputing did not think so they would not wrangle over the name.

Charles E. Davies, better known as "The Parson," will have his great variety and athletic show in this city, commencing the 16th of April at the London Theatre. Travelling with the "Parson's" constellation of athletic stars is Evan Lewis, The Strangler, who is now matched to wrestle Jack Wannop, the English champion, for \$5,000 at Chicago. Lewis is the same attraction in the wrestling as Kirraine is in the pugilistic arena.

There is no man living able to defeat Jake Kilrain in a twenty-four-foot ring, London prize ring rules, and it is very doubtful if there is a wrestler in either hemisphere able to defeat Evan Lewis wrestling, catch-as-catch-can rules, as printed in the "Police Gazette" Standard Book of Rules."

By the way, I had a call from the great Chicago sporting manager on April 4, and found that he now dresses like an actor and has discarded his ministerial black suit and white cravat, but he still has the look of a clergyman.

Davies is very sweet on Lewis, the Strangler, and he is confident that he will defeat Wannop. By the kindness of Davies, I was permitted to read a letter that came from Jack Burke, in which it stated that the House of Parliament, in Australia, intended to attempt to pass a law against prize fighting in Australia, and that there was very little prospect of the bill being passed.

By the way, "Cestus," the "Police Gazette" correspondent in Sydney, writes that Larry Foley and Jack Burke have signed articles to fight for \$2,500 a side, according to London prize ring rules, and only six men on each side are to be present.

Those who have perused the pages of "The Last Days of Pompeii"—and who has not?—can readily imagine how the late Lord Lytton, one of the most brilliant authors and the most gorgeous dandy of the last generation, would have treated prize fighting as it exists at the present day. Listen to the Lord of Knebworth, as he comments upon "the gentlemen of the Classic Ring in a flash house in Pompeii": Before the threshold was a group of men, whose iron and well-strung muscles, whose short and herculean necks, whose hardy and bronzed countenances, indicated the champions of the arena. "By Pollux," said one of the gladiators, as he leaned against the wall of the threshold, "the wind that seelst us, old Silenus," and as he spoke he slapped a portly personage on the back, "is enough to thin the best blood in one's veins."

The man thus caressingly saluted, whose bared arms, white apron and keys, and napkin tucked carelessly within his girdle, indicated him to be the host of the tavern, was already passed into the autumn of years, but his form was still so robust and athletic that he might have shamed even the sinewy shapes beside him, save that the muscles had seeped, as it were, into flesh, that the cheeks were swelled and bloated, and the increasing stomach threw into shade the vast and massive chest which rose above it.

"None of thy scurrilous blusterings with me," growled the gigantic landlord, in the gentle semi-roar of an insulted tiger, "my wine is good enough for a carcass which shall so soon soak the dust of the Solarium [the place where the killed or the mortally wounded were dragged from the arena]. Then the brilliant author proceeds to describe the combat between the young gladiator, Lydon, and the burly boniface. The Titan wine vendor seized Lydon's hand, and gripped it in a stern a vice that the blood spurted from the fingers' ends over the garments of the bystanders. "I will teach thee, young braggart, to play the Macedonian with me, I am no puny Persian, I warrant thee! What, man, have I not fought twenty years in the ring, and never lowered my arms once, and have I not received the rod from the editor's own hand as a sign of victory, and as a grace to retirement on my laurels, and am I now to be lectured by a boy?"

So saying he flung the hand from him with scorn. No sooner was the youthful gladiator's hand released than, crouching for one moment as a wildcat crouches, you might see his hair bristle on his head and beard, and with a fierce and shrill yell he sprang at the throat of the giant with an impetus that threw him, vast and sturdy as he was, from his balance, and down with the crash of a falling rock he fell, while over him fell also his ferocious foe.

The fierce and brutal conflict on the ground is then pictured in thrilling language, and finished thus: "Meanwhile the gladiators, lapped and pampered, and glutted upon blood, crowded delightedly round the combatants, their nostrils distended, their lips grinning, their eyes gleefully fixed on the bloody throat of the one and the indented talons of the other." This is a vivid description of the ancient gladiators, and the antics they played about the period when Rome was mistress of the world. Probably it is not given here precisely as Bulwer wrote it at Naples in the winter of 1832-3, but it will serve to illustrate the difference between the past and present gladiators and their habits. Coming down to more recent times, of the late Napoleon Bonaparte, if he could get a glimpse of the POLICE GAZETTE, whose columns are bristling with warlike proposals, he would pitch a lower key, or, if that once mighty potentate, who was not much taller than 5 feet 8 1/2 inches, could see Kirraine set to with Mitchell in England, he would then be able to form some notion of the prowess of these two brawny descendants of the fighting line of business.

Just now there is a craze to buy stock in the Suburban Handicap. The favorite horses seem to be those that have been sired by Stratford, Eolus, Uncas, Spendthrift and Glenrig. The stock of Dunboyne and of Dry Monopole is also in demand, and, from all indications, will be in demand for several weeks to come.

If speculators are looking for the winners at Brooklyn in May, don't forget the Brown, Morris, Baldwin, Ashe, and other stables that have had a more saurian climate in Alabama, and California, and even those in the Southern States of Kentucky, of Tennessee, which are much ahead of us here. They will furnish the dangerous horses at Brooklyn in May, but at Sheepshead Bay in June it may be different, and then Eastern colors may be nearer the front at the finish.

Among the entries in Connemara, who has an ardent lot of followers. One investment made at a well-known establishment calls for \$30,000 for \$300 in the event that the filly wins the Suburban handicap. This is a sample investment, and if the gallant daughter of Stratford wins the race there will be many fortunate stockholders. Connemara was a failure last year, chiefly because of an attack of lung fever early in the spring. She was a first-class two-year-old in 1886. In this respect her record resembles that of Veracity, the winner of the great Lincolnshire handicap in England. Veracity, as a three-year-old last year was almost worthless; as a two-year-old, was nearly first-class, and now as a four-year-old has won with two weeks two rich races. Connemara, as a four-year-old, may prove a counterpart of Veracity, and in such an event her stock will pay a dividend when the Suburban is decided. I have no faith in the latter's chances of winning, however.

John Span has purchased a half interest in the pacing gelding Argyle, 2:14%.

No trotting horse has the exact mark of 2:15 3/4. It may be a comment on timing methods.

I understand that John Murphy will probably bring Sheriff Hugh Grant's new horse, Sweepstakes, 2:24%, by Kentucky Prince, down the circuit; and with him Kenilworth, 2:18%, is likely to come also.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

The "Sporting Life," and "Bell's Life," of London, decides the question of the prize ring championship of the world as follows: "Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, while he holds the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, representing the heavy-weight championship of America and England, must be considered the champion of the world; and he is ready to defend it against all challengers."

## PENDRAGON.

## The Celebrated English Sporting Writer Reviews the Great Battle.

## SULLIVAN'S COLLAPSE COMPLETE.

"Pendragon," in regard to the recent international battle between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell, says:

The result of the recent battle between Sullivan, the American, and Charley Mitchell means collapse utter and complete on the part of Sullivan. He is in a worse position now, so far as popular favor is concerned, than Heenan was nearly five-and-twenty years ago, after he had been so unexpectedly beaten. In a worse position, although Sullivan has done no worse than make a draw. Heenan did get some solace in the way of the shekels from those to whom he sold himself, and everybody who knew anything at all about the inner life of pugilism knew very well that his defeat was not arrived at fairly and squarely. Sullivan was considered to have so soft a thing that few who studied the matter thought Mitchell would dare enter the ring; to make a draw under these circumstances—and such a draw! with about as much punishment between the pair as one small boy in a school fight would suffer at if he had it all to himself—certainly leaves Sullivan in worse plight, so far as reputation goes, than Heenan was left in after his really sloughing struggle with man and medicine bottle. What happened in the recent scramble will not surprise anybody who saw fights and knew fighters up to, say 1870. If there is any surprise, it lies in Sullivan being, like so many more have been before him, a very different performer—a very much poorer performer—with the knuckles that he is with the gloves.

I make no imputation whatever against Mitchell's courage; on the contrary, I think him a fairly brave fellow, ten times as brave as some of his loud-mouthed compoers. He has pricked the bubble, while at least one of the others who talked so big before Sullivan arrived almost had fits at the idea of having to meet him. As I have said, it was not always that the game as played by Mitchell was successful. There have been one or two men who could give all the running around in to an opponent, and then be sure to render a good account of him. It is on his inability to set strategy against strategy, and cut short Mitchell's capers, that Sullivan suffers in the eyes of all real judges of boxing. Had he been half the man he has been published in the American papers as well as by his own organs in this country, Mitchell could never have evaded him as he did evade him. Sullivan is doubtless good enough boxer if anyone will go to him and have the business settled by brute strength and hard knocks; but he is absolutely without the ring craft, without which no man could or can be a real bone fide champion. I should like to have seen Mitchell try his bobbing around with two or three men whose names suggest themselves to me as I write; they would have made him fight, and it is likely enough that Mitchell would then have shown to greater advantage in the eyes of connoisseurs—of whom there don't seem to be too many left—than he does now. For he certainly would fight, and fight well, when cornered. It is more than a pity he did not after the first hour go in and fight Sullivan, who, never a wonder except at close quarters and in moderate company, has capped his constitution by means of big drinks, and plenty of them, and was not within measurable distance when he stood in the ring at Apremont of the J. L. Sullivan, who six years or so ago made such a shocking sight of Paddy Ryan.

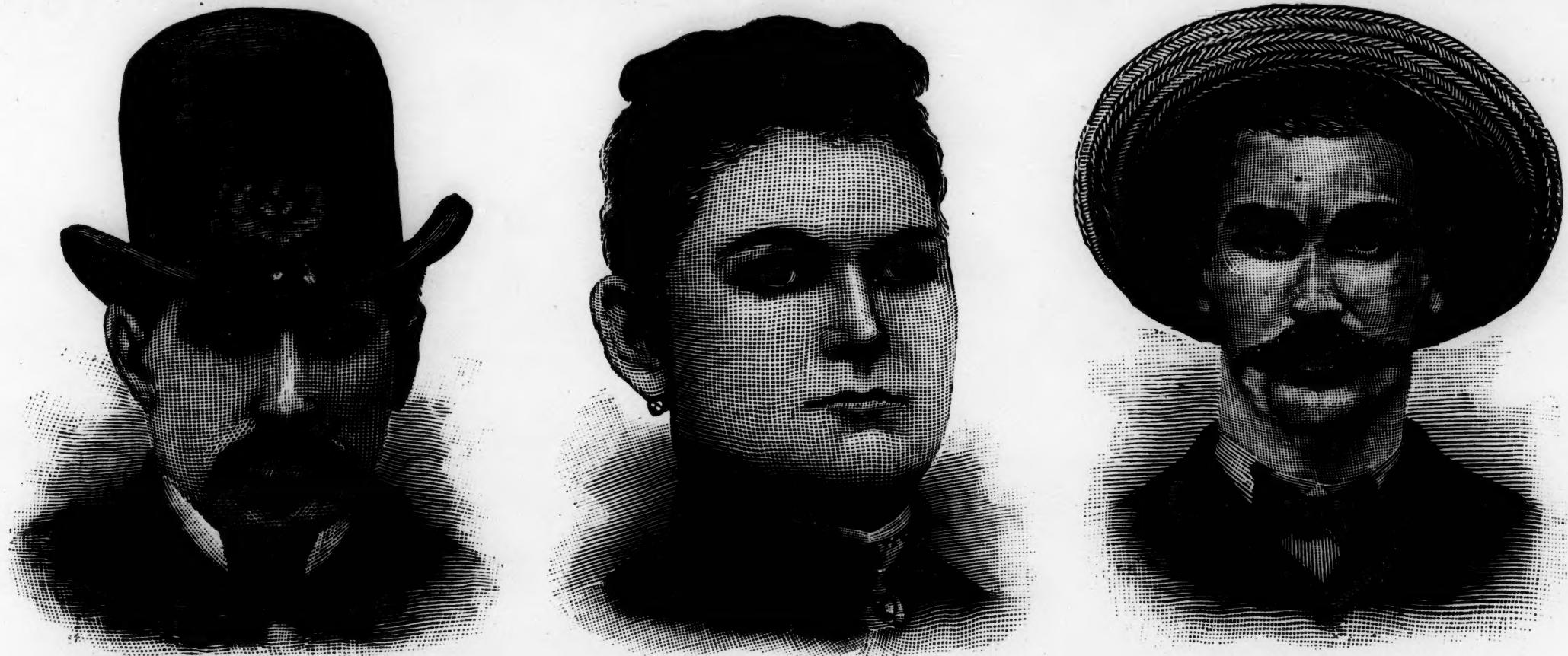
There is a good deal of difference between thumping a big dolts of a fellow who doesn't know how to get out of your way, and stands like a chopping block to be hit at, and getting about on heavy ground after a skillful boxer bent on giving you leg ball. To Sullivan's undoubted falling off has to be added what we all know now, but what I for one before this thought was only the malice of his enemies, that John L. is easily cast down by reverse, or by less than reverse, simply by lack of success. If he can't carry all before him, he loses heart, and would leave off if at all pressed. It was in not making use of this knowledge, which he boasted he possessed before getting into the ring, and which knowledge was proved correct before they had been very long there, that Mitchell showed himself lacking the highest quality of a fighting man. I have seen at least two men in the ring neither of whom was within some pounds of Mitchell's weight as stated in the papers; and wouldn't have given much for John L. Sullivan's chance—not much for his life providing he were a stayer—if he had been with one of them directly he showed such signs, as he undoubtedly did show, of being tired and disheartened. No; there is no getting away from the admission that must be made. Sullivan and Mitchell are an undoubtedly better couple than the couple who preceded them in this winter's "championship" displays, but neither Mitchell nor Sullivan possess the class without which in the old days no man could be champion, no matter how strong, how nimble, or how clever with the gloves. Sullivan has no bottom; he may be a hurricane fighter, as he has described himself and been described by others, when the foe will give him self up to be stormed and driven; but he wants to do it all in five minutes, and can't fight a really trying battle. I am loth to say anything that may seem unkind to Mitchell, for whom I had a strong regard before he became so puffed up with pride and conceit; but it will be agreed by those whose opinions are best worth having, that he missed the opportunity that was given to a real champion directly Sullivan began to tire and left off the offensive. How Tom Sayers would then have carried war into the enemy's own country! And what chance would Jim Mace have had of beating the Stalybridge Infant, or Tom King—one of whom could hit twice as hard as Sullivan, while the other was at least as quick and quite as hard a hitter—if he had kept away after either of the big 'uns had begun to tire? But then neither Sayers nor Mace fought for the purpose of making a draw. Mitchell himself will by-and-by, when the first flush of what for the moment looks like but is not success has worn off, and the cackles of his silly and insincere friends has somewhat subsided—Mitchell himself will be sure to regret that he did not make a bid for victory when he saw Sullivan begin to waver. I am myself of opinion that if he had done so he would have returned to England a winner.

Speaking of Sayers reminds me that one or two of the folk who are interested in comparing favorably anything that is done now with what was done a generation ago, have this week been busy pointing out that what Mitchell did with Sullivan was exactly the same as was done by Sayers with Foulson, the Slasher, and Paddock. Well, not exactly the same; if it was the same at all, it was "the same, only different." There was, I remember, a good deal of outcry against gallant Tom thirty years ago among the old stand-and-deliver school, their chief grievance being that he was "a dancing master," and don't wait, after he had delivered his one two, until his slower opponent had wound himself up and was ready to retaliate. But Tom did his one two, and there was generally the mark left where he had delivered it. If he chose to run round, or otherwise retreat, and his bigger and stronger opponent went after him, the pursuer never had to complain that Tom kept him at the pursuing game long. When the little one came to a stand there was danger about, and in an exchange of blows what big man ever had the advantage of little Tom Sayers? The class of critic that calls Sullivan a giant—and Sullivan has been called that very often of late—does not seem to be aware that compared with the Tipton Slasher he is merely a moderate-sized man. In condition—as they used to get fighters then—Perry would have been nearly two stone heavier than the Boston whiskey drinker. Tom Sayers standing before the Slasher was like what Baxter or Diamond would be standing before Sullivan. If the Slasher had got hold of Tom at the outset he would very likely have squeezed the life out of him, or have held him with one hand and so fearfully mauled him with the other that would have been impossible for Tom to come up to time again. One of these things was what the Tipton laughingly avowed his intention of doing; yet Tom went close enough to him to administer as much punishment as would do for a dozen prize

fights under existing conditions. Paddock was more of the stuff of Sullivan; they would have made a fine fight until Sullivan's pluck deserted him; his pluck never deserted poor old Paddock. Heenan was 3 inches taller than Sullivan, bigger in proportion, and as muscular a man as ever was seen. He would have made a rare exhibition of "the dastard marvel," yet our little Tom, who never weighed in condition 11 stone, and was at his best when 10 stone 7 pounds, didn't run away much from Heenan, and administered such a grueling, besides receiving one, as seems impossible in these days, when two fights, both described as for the championship, hardly produce a black eye to share among the four fighters.

I have a reminiscence of quite the other sort in stock—the sort which is not on the side of the runner away, but of the runner after, and having as good as promised to give it, may as well do so. Joe Goss was my idea of a first-rate fighter. The only times he ever showed to disadvantage were when he met a man who bore the same resemblance to ordinary first-raters that Ormonde bears to ordinary Derby winners. It was during his first meeting with this tip-top Sawyer that Joe was shown that even a twenty-four foot ring is not big enough to get away in if your toe is class up to the full size of the enclosure.

Real prize fighting always had its charms for me, and some of the pleasantest and most exciting days of my long ago were occupied on prize fighting excursions. But ever since this last craze—mis-called a revival—set in, I have been unable to see in



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MAGGIE ESTARS,

WHO MURDERED A. T. TRUETT, A PROMINENT BUSINESS MAN OF FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

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PORTLAND, ME., TOUGHS LET LOOSE.

THE NOTORIOUS MULKERN GANG KICK UP A ROW AND SMASH THINGS IN A PROMINENT SALOON IN THAT TOWN.



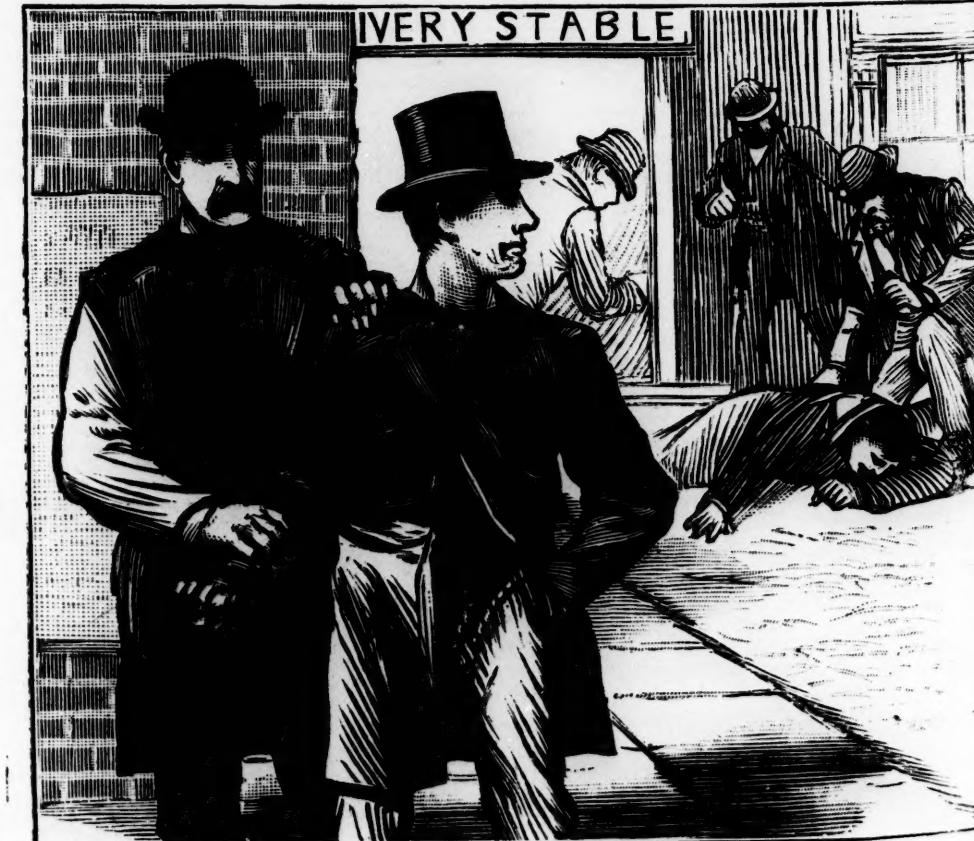
A CONDEMNED MURDERER IN TEARS.

ADAM VOLKAVITCH, THE SLAYER OF JOHN BIOSKI AT WILKESBARRE, PENNSYLVANIA, SOFTENS AT THE LAST MOMENT.



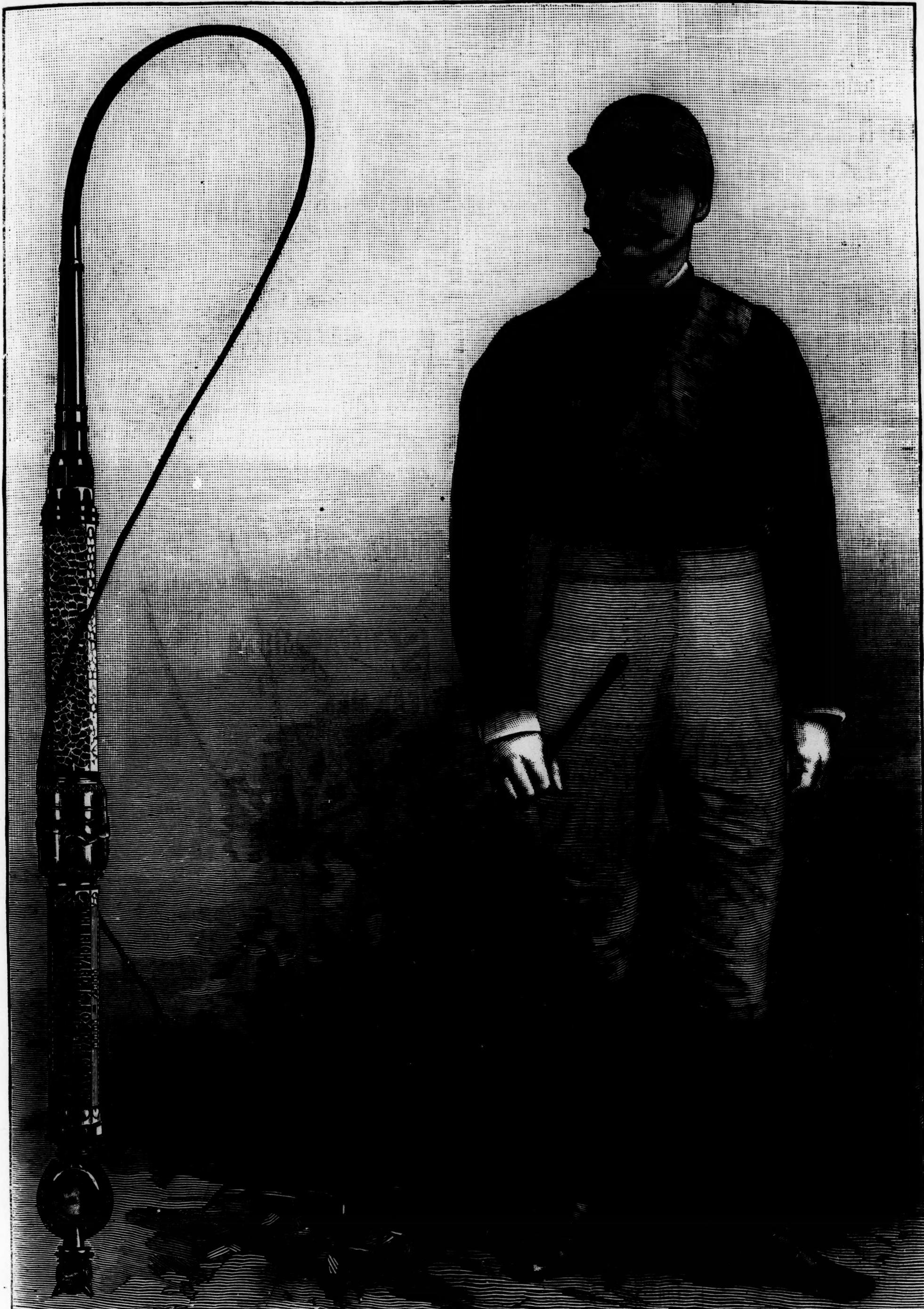
SHE BROUGHT BLOOD.

A GAY YOUNG SWELL AT OSWEGO, NEW YORK, IS ROUGHLY HANDLED BY THE GIRL HE WAS MASHED ON.



A MURDERER'S DOOM.

LAWYER HAZELTINE OF STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN, HIMSELF AN ASSASSIN, IS SHOT IN COLD BLOOD.



JIMMY McLAUGHLIN,

THE FAMOUS JOCKEY AND THE WINNER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" DIAMOND WHIP, DONATED BY  
RICHARD K. FOX AS A TROPHY OF THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

## DREADFUL.

A Fire in a Mexican Bull Ring  
Creates a Stampede.

## DEATH IN THE MIDST OF GAYETY

Many Killed and Injured by  
Maddened Bulls.

## A HORRIBLE SCENE.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special to this paper from the City of Mexico, under date of April 4, says: Christianity and bull fighting will never more be merged in the minds of the good people of Zelaya (or Celaya, as it is usually written). The reason is that last Sunday a fire occurred in the bull ring, a stampede followed, many people were killed and injured, the wild bulls being liberated through the cowardice and criminality of their attendants, and ripped and gored women and children as they had been trained to "play" with the picadores.

Celaya is a city of ten thousand inhabitants, thirty-five miles southeast of Guanajuato, on the route to Queretaro and Mexico. It contains many very wealthy people, who, of course, patronize amusements and sports. Consequently when the Leon company took their bulls and paraphernalia there last week the bull fight was extensively advertised. Every good Mexican believes in a bull contest as thoroughly as an American does in a horse race, and everybody was at the plaza before three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the time appointed for the national sport to begin. Indeed the superintendent of the local prison gave permission to several prisoners to witness the fights "under guard"—that is, attended by national troops carrying loaded carbines. The "place of play" was crowded to the utmost.

The fight had fairly begun, the picadores being urged by the excited crowd to dispatch the first bull, which had been uncommonly dull and shrinking. All at once a cry of "fire" was heard in the rink. This was followed by a cloud of smoke coming from the place where the jailbirds were seated. Immediately the crowd became panic stricken. All the regular exits were choked as if by magic, so the men made openings in the frail walls of reed and matting and permitted their wives and little ones to escape wherever they were not too far from the ground. But to the gayly dressed throng occupying the upper tiers of seats the situation was appalling.

The building was now on fire all the exits stopped, and these people were from 150 to 175 feet from the ring. Despite the warning of the Mayor and Chief of Police and the yelling of the Leon that the fire was trivial and could soon be put out, many of the sightseers leaped into the arena, men, women, and children falling in confused heaps, those underneath being maimed and bruised and some children being killed outright.

A slight wind was blowing which fanned the flames steadily, the matting burning with a loud crackling noise. All at once the bulls, which had been confined in stalls, were deserted by the boys having them in charge, broke into the arena, and in making for the plaza they trampled on about two hundred persons who were trying to find exits. Fire seems to have madened these brutes to a frightful degree, for they gored several women to death and drove others to climb up again to the lower tiers and risk death from suffocation rather than contact with the infuriated beasts.

Later details show that eighteen persons were killed. Sixty-eight persons were very badly burned, and though they still live, at least ten of them will die this week. Fifty persons, in escaping, were knocked down and trampled upon by the panic-stricken throng, and are very seriously but not fatally injured. Among the eighteen dead were two women, who were first gored to death by the bulls and their bodies afterward burned.

A dispatch to a leading journal here says: "The scenes in the neighborhood of the bull ring were sickening beyond description. Women and children, divested of their clothing, and crazed with suffering from their burns, ran aimlessly through the streets, and could scarcely be overtaken or collected by their friends. Several persons lost their reason from the severe mental shocks to which they were subjected."

The fire was incendiary. In the Celaya jail were a number of prisoners, army deserters, &c., who had obtained permission from the authorities to attend the bull fight. One of the deserters surreptitiously struck a match and ignited one of the dry petate (mats), and in an instant the "Sol" side of the ring was ablaze. In the confusion and excitement the prisoners succeeded in making good their escape, taking chances to effect their ends.

The best society of Zelaya was in attendance. It was Easter Sunday, the return of the season of gayety after Lent. There was an unusual number of ladies and little children present, and these, as often in the case in such events, were the sufferers. No man lost his life. The helpless little ones and their mothers, who would not desert their offspring, were the victims of this most appalling catastrophe.

Zelaya has never experienced such a tragedy since its foundation. Hundreds of fine villas and splendid residences contain persons who were either wounded or made sick by the fire, and the bull fight of Sunday is likely to be the last affair of the kind there for many years to come."

## HE TICKLED HER ANKLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]  
Lady passengers on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad have been greatly annoyed recently by an un-

## JAKE IS KING.

The "Sporting Life," and "Bell's Life," of London, decides the question of the prize ring championship of the world as follows: "Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, while he holds the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, representing the heavy-weight championship of America and England, must be considered the champion of the world; and he is ready to defend it against all challengers."

seen hand tickling their ankles. Chief Brister, of the road's detectives, undertook to find out the cause of all the trouble. It took some days to locate it, but on Thursday he had made up his mind he had got on to the right party. So on Thursday he shadowed a Mr. John Smith and boarded the 3:45 P. M. train behind him. The detective took a seat on the opposite side of the car from where his prospective prisoner sat and one seat behind him. Behind Mr. Smith sat a young lady alone. Her feet were crossed in an easy attitude, one foot resting near the back of the seat in front of her. After a time Mr. Smith was observed to lean very far forward, still apparently intent on his newspaper. This action, it seems, resulted in bringing the top of the back of Smith's seat forward, making an opening at the bottom. He thrust one hand behind him and through the opening, and then tumbled about till he succeeded in grabbing and tickling the young lady's ankle. The detective, being on the alert, caught Smith in the very act, and promptly took him into custody. The court held him for the offense.

## FIENDISH ACTION OF TWO WENCHES.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Five miles from Atlanta, Ga., on the Atlanta and Hawkinsville Railroad and near the East Point junction, John Lowry resides. Mr. Lowry's family consists of himself, wife and three children, and throughout the neighborhood they are highly esteemed. During the day Mrs. Lowry and the children are alone at home, as Mr. Lowry is engaged in a store at South Bend, but their loneliness was never apparent until a short time ago.

Near the Lowry home lives a family of negroes named Toliver. In the family is a young negro woman known as Minnie, who worked for Mrs. Lowry. The negro has many disagreeable traits, and for some of these was discharged by Mrs. Lowry. After that the girl became offensive, and upon several occasions threatened to kill some one. The woman's threats had been reported to the Lowry family, and she had been instructed to keep away from the house. Recently she induced her sister, Laura Toliver, a girl of twelve years, to go to the Lowry residence and entice two of the children away. They took the children to the railroad track near by, and but for the timely arrival of their mother on the scene would have thrown them under the wheels of a moving train.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.  
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND PERFORM THE WORK OF THE NATURAL DRUM. INVISIBLE, COMFORTABLE AND ALWAYS IN POSITION. CONVERSATION, EVEN WHISPERS, HEARD DISTINCTLY. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS. FREE. F. HISCOX, 853 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Baseball players will be glad to know that Capt. Mike Kelly's new ball book is out, and can be had of G. W. SIMMONS & CO., Boston. See advertisement.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertisements \$1.00 per line.  
Pure Reading notices 2.00  
Copy for advertisements must be in by Monday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.

The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 inches each, and 24 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No objectionable advertisements will be accepted.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

## TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

## RICHARD K. FOX

## SHOW PRINTING, ENGRAVING

## AND

## COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE,

## FRANKLIN SQUARE,

## NEW YORK,

Offers Superior Inducements for the Rapid and Neat Execution of

SHOW AND COMMERCIAL WORK  
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.ENGRAVING DONE ON THE PREMISES  
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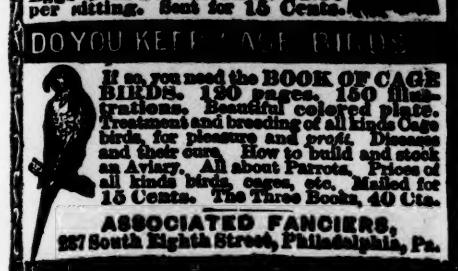
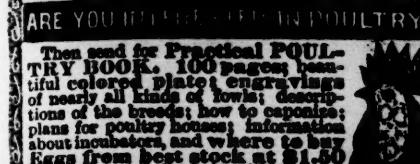
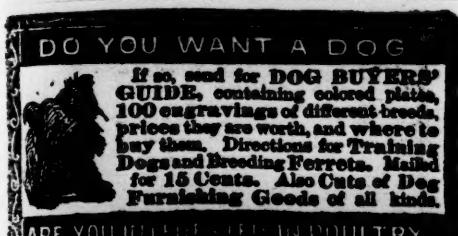
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